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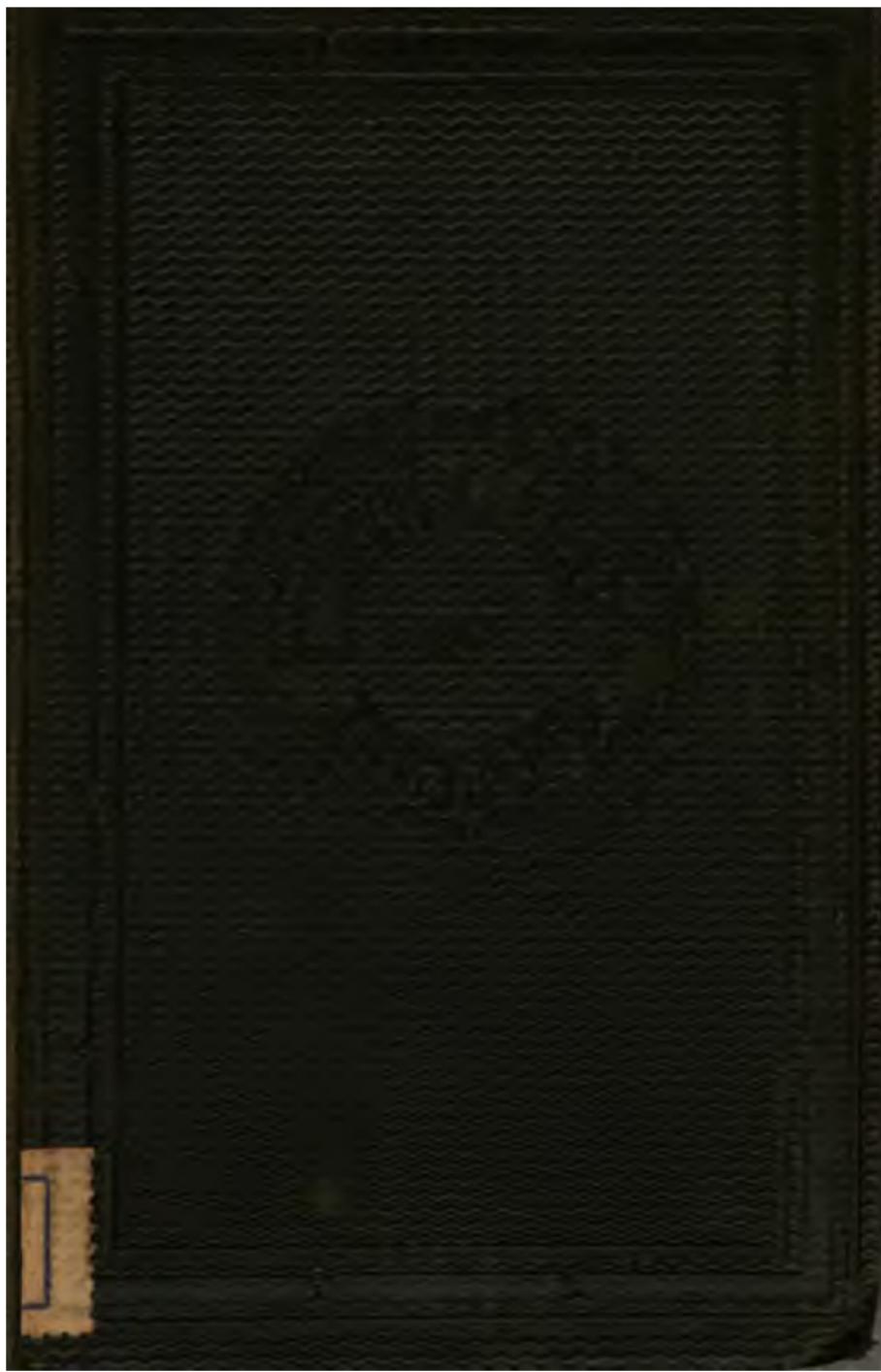
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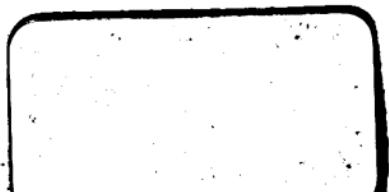
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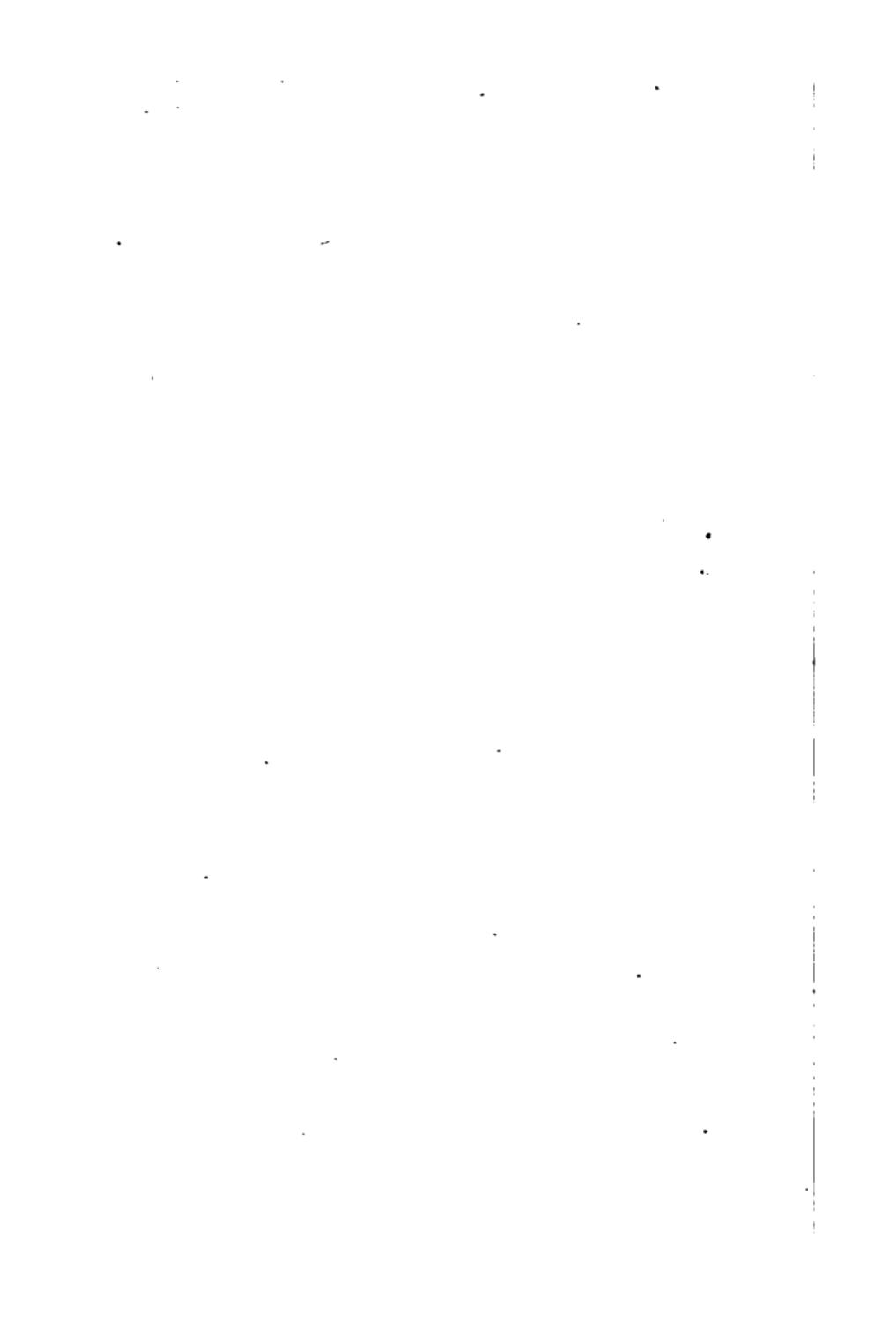


Greville. J. Chester  
Dublin. 1863.

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*↓*

# The Spirit of the Nation.

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## BALLADS AND SONGS

BY

THE WRITERS OF "THE NATION."

---

NEW AND REVISED EDITION

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DUBLIN:  
PUBLISHED BY JAMES DUFFY,  
7 WELLINGTON QUAY.  
1861.

222L f 18

Dublin : Printed by Pattison Jolly,  
22, Essex-st. West.



## ADVERTISEMENT TO THE PRESENT EDITION

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NEW Edition of the "SPIRIT OF THE NATION" has been long called for. It had got so completely out of print that the Publisher, after long inquiry, only obtained a copy accidentally at an auction of books. Meantime its reputation has been steadily rising, not only at home, but in England and America; Francis Jeffrey and Miss Mitford in England, and Longfellow in America, have written and spoken of some of the poems with enthusiasm; and a new demand for them has grown up in both countries.

The present edition is not a mere reprint of the two parts published in 1843. With all that is worth preserving in them, it unites the additional poems in the expensive quarto published in 1845 under the title of "Songs and Ballads by the Writers of THE NATION."

WELLINGTON-QUAY, DUBLIN,

February, 1854.

## PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1845.

---

It is hardly necessary to tell our Irish readers that the Ballads and Songs collected here, were originally published from week to week, in THE NATION newspaper, from its establishment in October, 1842, up to the beginning of 1845.

In March, 1843, we printed a little sixpenny book, containing the poems which had appeared in our paper up to *that date*. In 1844 a second part appeared.

The success of the work was marvellous.

It was seized on by Ireland's friends as the first bud of a new season, when manhood, union, and nationality would replace submission, hatred, and provincialism. It was paraded by our foes as the most alarming sign of the decision and confidence of the national party, and accordingly they arraigned it in the press, in the meeting, in parliament, and, finally, put it on its trial with O'Connell in 1844.

Its circulation was proportionate.

It went through several editions here, was extracted into all the periodicals in Britain, and, passing to America, was reprinted by a dozen publishers. It is to be found everywhere, from the English admiral's cabin to the Irish peasant's — from Dublin to Boston, to Syduey, and to Calcutta.

Yet that little book was coarsely printed, was full of typographical errors, and contained some unmistakeable rubbish. The which is here offered to Ireland contains thrice as

many poems, is almost free from errors of the press, and is beautifully printed.

Music is the first faculty of the Irish, and scarcely anything has such power for good over them. The use of this faculty and this power, publicly and constantly, to keep up their spirits, refine their tastes, warm their courage, increase their union, and renew their zeal, is the duty of every patriot. We are now putting in their reach a number of new and noble songs. Will not the temperance bands learn to play these airs, and the young men, ay, and the young women, & the temperance societies learn to sing our songs, and chorus them till village and valley ring? If they do, we care not into how many or how few of the drawing-rooms of England or America this book of ours will reach. It will have done its work, and entered into the heart of Ireland, for good and for ever.

NATION OFFICE, D'OLIER-STREET

1st January, 1845.

## PREFACE TO THE FIRST PART. 1848.

---

WE offer this little volume—the materials of which have been taken from THE NATION newspaper—confidently to the people of Ireland ; as the sole object of its publication is their benefit. It was only projected after there were frequent demands for some such collection, which will acquit the authors of vanity ; as its price will fully absolve the publisher from any desire of gain in the transaction. A book that neither contemplates praise nor profit is a genuine novelty, and will, we expect, receive the “*CAEDE MILLE FAILTHE*” which a stranger does not ask from our countrymen in vain.

We commend it especially to the Repeal Reading-rooms and Teetotal Societies. Such of the songs as go to popular airs ought to be constantly practised by those bodies. They will find very profitable and pleasant singing for the millions among them. The other pieces may be read or recited at public dinners and soirees with equal advantage. The English minister who planned the Union had also a great respect for the influence of songs on a people. It will be a pleasant test of his wisdom to knock one of his nuts against the other and see which of them will crack first.

It may be observed, that we have spelled some Irish words that occur in this volume somewhat differently from the usual ‘hod ; that usual method being whatever way English

writers thought fit to spell them for us. We have consulted the best Irish scholars, and adopted their orthography, which we trust will become general. We would be ashamed to mispell Latin, English, French, or any other foreign language, and, in the name of common sense, why not our own? It is quite as comical a blunder to write "FAUGH A BALLAGR" as "PARLEY-VOO."

We believe there is nothing further to say, but to wish our friends a keen relish for the fare we set before them.

NATION OFFICE, TRINITY-STREET, DUBLIN,  
May, 1848.

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PREFACE TO THE SECOND PART. 1848.

---

WHEN we ventured, within a few months after *THE NATION* was started, to reprint the Poetry of it, we did an unprecedented thing, and one said to be of doubtful prudence. The Newspaper, to be sure, had succeeded, but it seemed a trial ruinous to these verses and injurious to the paper to expose its weekly miscellanies to the test of permanent criticism. "They are light cavalry," said a friend; "they have charged famously for once, you'll find them jaded hacks when wheeled again into line." We trusted them and published.

Yet their success has surprised us. We hardly hoped that their popularity could extend beyond our own class and country. But the Tory has praised them more than the Liberal, the anti-Repealer as much as the Nationalist, while their success in foreign countries has at least equalled their success here. Mr. O'CONNELL thought the ballads "very good," Mr. SHAW "most able," Mr. BUTT "INSPIRED." The Irish press thought them excellent for Ireland, but the *Morning Post* said they were "superior to *anything* they had supposed to exist at present; the *Leeds Times* thought them "great achievements," and the *Tablet* called them "the music of the battle-field." To ascend higher, the *Dublin Review* says, they are "vigorous and bold," "fitted to grasp the nation;" the *Quarterly* found in them "great beauty of language and imagery," and *Fraser* declared that though they are "mischievous" it "dare not condemn them, they are so full of beauty."

The First Part of the SPIRIT OF THE NATION has gone through two editions here; has been bought by men of all creeds and kinds, from the peasantry to the peerage, the soldier and policeman to the Quartermaster-General, from TOM MOORE to THRESHAM GREGG.

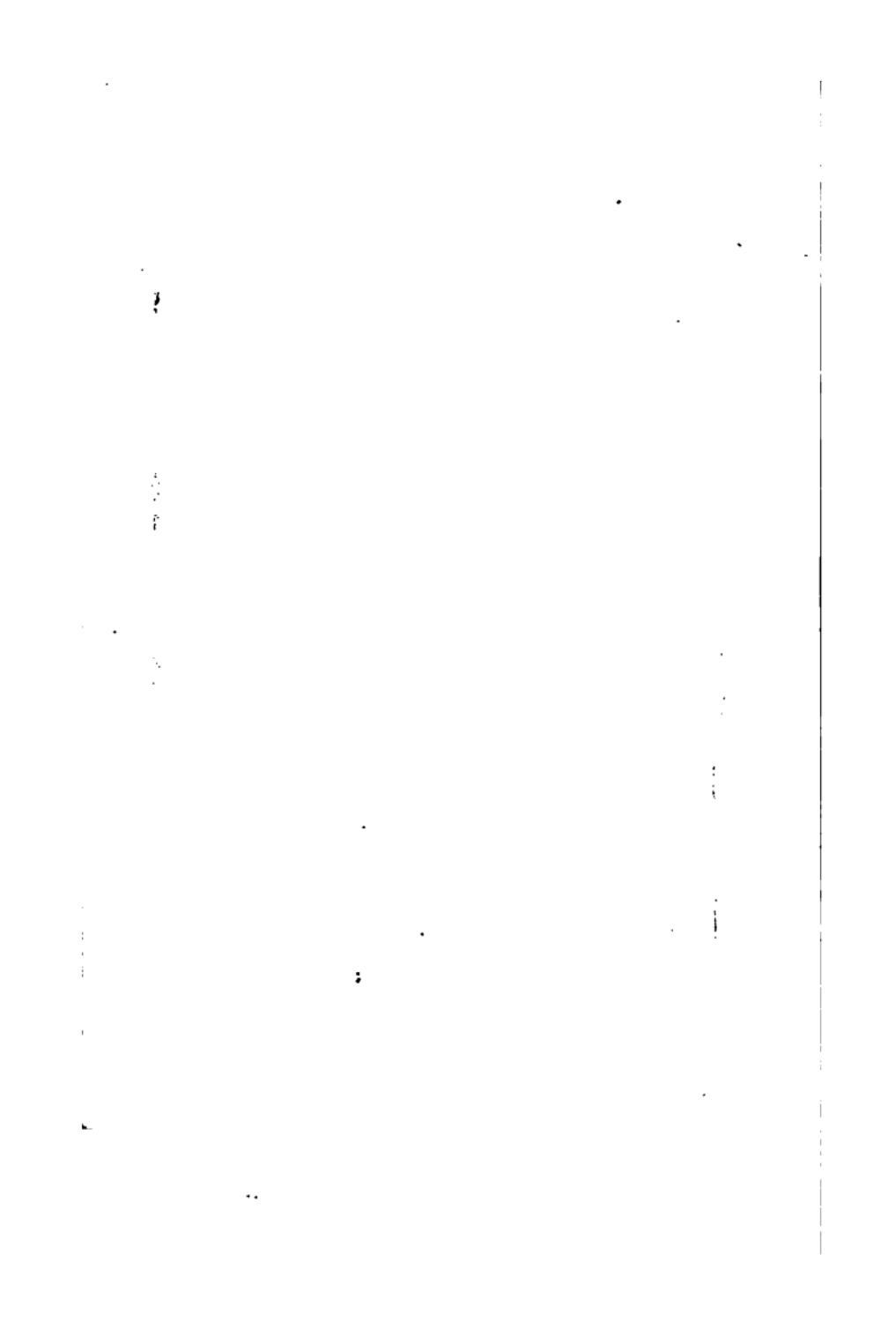
The American papers regularly reprint our verses week by week, and a large edition of the SPIRIT OF THE NATION has been issued in New York, and sold throughout the United States and Canada.

Our little book of rhymes has been circulated enough and praised enough, then, fully to justify the novel course we took in reprinting them, and the authors may be content with their fame.

This register of what occurred as to the first part is our justification for printing a second. Whether the praise we have got or shall get be deserved or not, sure we are that whoever gives the people of Ireland a lyric literature racy of

the soil, reflecting its scenery and manners, blended with its history and panting with its hopes, will marshal them to independence in an array which prosecutions cannot encounter nor armies overthrow. National lyrics to be perfect should be linked with music, that the people's heart knows and beats to. This union we hope to see effected, but whether our verses are worthy of such an alliance time alone can tell. We shall say nothing more.

NATION OFFICE, TRINITY-STREET, DUBLIN,  
November, 1843.



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THE  
SPIRIT OF THE NATION.

---

FAG AN BEALACH.\*

[To make the general tone, and some of the allusions in this song intelligible, we should, perhaps, mention that it was written in October, 1842, when the hope and spirits of the people were low; and published in the third number of the *Nation*, as the Charter-Song of the contributors. It was supposed to be first sung, as it actually was, at one of their weekly suppers.]

BY CHS. GAVAN DUFFY, M.P.

I.

"HOPE no more for Fatherland,  
All its ranks are thinned or broken ;"  
Long a base and coward band  
Recreant words like these have spoken,  
But we preach a land awoken ;  
Fatherland is true and tried  
As your fears are false and hollow :  
Slaves and Dastards stand aside—  
Knaves and Traitors, *FAG AN BEALACH!*

\* *FAG AN BEALACH*, "Clear the road;" or, as it is vulgarly spelt, *Faugh a Ballagh*, was the cry with which the clans of Connacht and Munster used in faction fights to come through a fair with high hearts and smashing shillelahs. The regiments raised 'n the South and West took their old shout with them to the Continent. The 87th, or Royal Irish Fusiliers, from their use of it, went generally by the name of "The Faugh a Ballagh Boys." "Nothing," says Napier, his *History of the Peninsular War*—“nothing so startled the ch. soldery as the wild yell with which the Irish Regimen”

## II.

Know, ye suffering brethren ours,  
 Might is strong, but Right is stronger ;  
 Saxon wiles or Saxon powers  
 Can enslave our land no longer  
 Than your own dissensions wrong her :  
 Be ye one in might and mind—  
 Quit the mire where cravens wallow—  
 And your foes shall flee like wind  
 From your fearless *FAG AN BEALACH!*

## III.

Thus the mighty multitude  
 Speak in accents hoarse with sorrow—  
 “ We are fallen, but unsubdued ;  
 “ Show us whence we Hope may borrow,  
 “ And we'll fight your fight to-morrow.  
 “ Be but cautious, true, and brave,  
 “ Where ye lead us we will follow ;  
 “ Hill and valley, rock and wave,  
 “ Soon shall hear our *FAG AN BEALACH!*”

## IV.

Fling our banner to the wind,  
 Studded o'er with names of glory ;  
 Worth and wit, and might, and mind,  
 Poet young, and Patriot hoary  
 Long shall make it shine in story.  
 Close your ranks—the moment's come—  
 NOW, ye men of Ireland follow ;  
 Friends of Freedom, charge them home—  
 Foes of Freedom, *FAG AN BEALACH!*\*

\*run to the charge ;" and never was that haughty and intolerant  
 "ut raised in battle, but a charge, swift as thought and fatal as  
 came with it, like a rushing incarnation of *FAG AN BEALACH!*

LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF EOGHAN  
RUADH O'NEILL.

COMMONLY CALLED OWEN-ROE O'NEIL.

[This striking and dramatic ballad was the *first* written by Thomas Davis. Before the publication of the first number of the *Nation*, Davis, Dillon, and Duffy agreed to attempt political ballads, on which they had great reliance for raising the spirit of the country; to their next meeting Davis brought the "Lament of Owen Roe," and "the Men of Tipperary."]

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

Time—10th Nov., 1649. Scene—Ormond's Camp, County Waterford. Speakers—a Veteran of Owen O'Neill's clan, and one of the horsemen, just arrived with an account of his death.

I.

"Did they dare, did they dare, to slay Owen Roe O'Neil?"  
Yes, they slew with poison him, they feared to meet with  
steel.  
May God wither up their hearts! 'May their blood cease  
to flow!  
May they walk in living death, who poisoned Owen Roe!"

II.

Though it break my heart to hear, say again the bitter words."  
'From Derry, against Cromwell, he marched to measure  
swords;  
But the weapon of the Saxon met him on his way'  
And he died at Cloc Uactair, upon Saint Leonard's Day.'

III.

'Wail, wail ye for The Mighty One! Wail, wail ye for the  
Dead;  
Quench the hearth, and hold the breath—with ashes strew  
the head.  
How tenderly we loved him! How deeply we deplore!  
Holy Saviour! but to think we shall never see him more.'

## IV.

Sagest in the council was he, kindest in the hall,  
 Sure we never won a battle—'twas Owen won them all.  
 Had he lived—had he lived—our dear country had been free;  
 But he's dead, but he's dead and 'tis slaves we'll ever be.

## V.

O'Farrell and Clanrickarde, Preston and Red Hugh,  
 Audley and MacMahon—ye are valiant, wise, and true;  
 But—what, what are ye all to our darling who is gone?  
 The Rudder of our Ship was he, our Castle's corner stone!

## VI.

Wail, wail him through the Island! Weep, weep for our  
 pride!  
 Would that on the battle-field our gallant chief had died!  
 Weep the Victor of Beinn Burb—weep him, young men and  
 old;  
 Weep for him, ye women—your Beautiful lies cold!

## VII.

We thought you would not die—we were sure you would not  
 go,  
 And leave us in our utmost need to Cromwell's cruel blow—  
 Sheep without a shepherd, when the snow shuts out the sky—  
 Oh! why did you leave us, Owen? Why did you die?

## VIII.

Soft as woman's was your voice, O'Neil! bright was your eye,  
 Oh! why did you leave us, Owen? why did you die?  
 Your troubles are all over, you're at rest with God on high;  
 But we're slaves, and we're orphans, Owen!—why did you  
 die?"

## O'CONNELL.

## I.

I saw him at the hour of pray'r, when morning's earliest dawn  
Was breaking o'er the mountain tops—o'er grassy dell and  
lawn;

When the parting shades of night had fled—when moon and  
stars were gone,

Before a high and gorgeous shrine, the chieftain kneel'd alone.  
His hands were clasped upon his breast, his eye was raised  
above—

I heard those full and solemn tones in words of faith and love:  
He pray'd that those who wrong'd him might for ever be for-  
given;

Oh! who would say such prayers as *these* are not received in  
heaven?

## II.

I saw him next amid the best and noblest of our isle—  
There was the same majestic form, the same heart-kindling  
smile!

But grief was on that princely brow—for others still he mourn'd,  
He gazed upon poor fettered slaves, and his heart within him  
burned:

And he vowed before the captive's God to break the captive's  
chain—

To bind the broken heart, and set the bondsman free again;  
And fit he was our chief to be in triumph or in need,  
Who never wrong'd his deadliest foe in thought, or word, or  
deed!

## III.

I saw him when the light of eye had faded from the West—  
Beside the hearth that old man sat, by infant forms caress'd ;  
One hand was gently laid upon his grandchild's clustering hair,  
The other, raised to heaven, invoked a blessing and a pray'r !  
And woman's lips were heard to breathe a high and glorious  
strain—

Those songs of old that haunt us still, and ever will remain  
Within the heart like treasured gems, that brings from mem'ry's  
call

Thoughts of our youthful days, and friends that we have loved  
so well !

## IV.

I saw that eagle glance again—the brow was marked with  
care,

Though rich and regal are the robes the Nation's chief doth  
wear ;\*

And many an eye now quailed with shame, and many a cheek  
now glow'd,

As he paid them back with words of love for every curse be-  
stow'd.

I thought of his unceasing care, his never-ending zeal ;  
I heard the watchword burst from all—the gathering cry—  
*Repeal :*

And as his eyes were raised to heaven—from whence his mis-  
sion came—

*He stood amid the thousands there a monarch save in name !*

ASTREA.

\* Written during his Mayoralty.

## THE NATION'S FIRST NUMBER.

BY CLARENCE MANGAN.

AIR—“*Rory O'More*.”

## I.

'Tis a great day, and glorious, O Public! for you—  
 This October Fifteenth, Eighteen Forty and Two!  
 For on this day of days, lo! THE NATION came forth,  
 To commence its career of Wit, Wisdom, and Worth—  
 To give Genius its due—to do battle with wrong—  
 And achieve things undreamed of as yet, save in song.  
 Then arise! fling aside your dark mantle of slumber,  
 And welcome in chorus THE NATION'S FIRST NUMBER.

## II.

Here we are, thanks to Heaven, in an epoch when Mind  
 Is unfettering our captives, and couching our blind;  
 And the Press, with its thunders keeps marring the mirth  
 Of those tyrants and bigots that curse our fair earth.  
 Be it ours to stand forth and contend in the van  
 Of truth's legions for freedom, that birthright of man  
 Shaking off the dull cobwebs that else might encumber  
 Our weapon—the pen—in THE NATION'S FIRST NUMBER.

## III.

We announce a New Era — be this our first news—  
 When the serf-grinding Landlords shall shake in their shoes  
 While the ark of a bloodless yet mighty Reform  
 Shall emerge from the flood of the Popular Storm!  
 Well we know how the lickspittle panders to Power  
 Feel and fear the approach of that death-dealing hour;  
 But we toss these aside—such vile vagabond lumber  
 Are but just worth a groan from THE NATION'S FIRST  
 NUMBER.

## IV.

Though we take not for motto, *Nul n'a de l'esprit*  
 (As they once did in Paris) *hors nos bons amis*,  
 We may boast that for first-rate endowments our band  
 Form a phalanx unmatched in—or *out* of—the land.  
 Poets, Patriots, Linguists, with reading like Parr's—  
 Critics keener than sabres—Wits brighter than stars;  
 And Reasoners as cool as the coolest cucumber  
 Form the host that shine out in THE NATION'S FIRST NUMBER.

## V.

We shall sketch living manners—and men—in a style  
 That will scarcely be sneezed at, we guess, for a while;  
 Build up stories as fast as of yore Mother Bunch,  
 And for Fun of all twists take the shine out of "PUNCH;"  
 Thus our Wisdom and Quizdom will finely agree,  
 Very much, Public dear, we conceive as you see  
 Do the lights and the shades that illume and adumbe  
 Each beautiful page in THE NATION'S FIRST NUMBER.

## VI.

A word more:—To OLD IRELAND our first love is given.  
 Still our friendship hath arms for all lands under Heaven.  
 WE ARE IRISH—we vaunt it—all o'er and all out;  
 But we wish not that England shall "sneak up the spout!"  
 Then, O Public! here, there, and elsewhere through the world,  
 Wheresoe'er TRUTH's and LIBERTY's flags are unfurl'd,  
 From the Suir to the Rhine, from the Boyne to the Humber  
 Raise one shout of applause for THE NATION'S FIRST NUMBER.

## DEAR LAND.

## I.

WHEN comes the day, all hearts to weigh,  
 If staunch they be, or vile,  
 Shall we forget the sacred debt  
 We owe our mother isle?  
 My native heath is brown beneath,  
 My native waters blue;  
 But crimson red o'er both shall spread,  
 Ere I am false to you,

Dear land—

Ere I am false to you.

## II.

When I behold your mountains bold—  
 Your noble lakes and streams—  
 A mingled tide of grief and pride  
 Within my bosom teems.  
 I think of all your long dark thrall—  
 Your martyrs brave and true;  
 And dash apart the tears that start—  
 We must not weep for you,

Dear land—

We must not weep for you.

## III.

My grandsire died, his home beside;  
 They seized and hanged him there.  
 His only crime, in evil time,  
 Your hallowed green to wear.  
 Across the main his brothers twain  
 Were sent to pine and rue;  
 And still they turn'd with hearts that burn'd  
 In hopeless love to you,

Dear land—

In hopeless love to you.

## IV.

My boyish ear still clung to hear  
 Of Erin's pride of yore,  
 Ere Norman foot had dared pollute  
 Her independent shore;  
 Of chiefs, long dead, who rose to head  
 Some gallant patriot few  
 Till all my aim on earth became  
 To strike one blow for you,

Dear land—  
 To strike one blow for you.

## V.

What path is best your rights to wrest  
 Let other heads divine;  
 By work or word, with voice or sword,  
 To follow them be mine.  
 The breast that zeal and hatred steel,  
 No terrors can subdue;  
 If death should come that martyrdom  
 Were sweet endured for you,

Dear land—  
 Were sweet endured for you.

SLIAB CUILLINN

## SONNET.

BY E. N. SHANNON, TRANSLATOR OF DANTE, AUTHOR OF  
 "TALES OLD AND NEW."

In fair, delightful Cyprus, by the Main,  
 A lofty, royal seat, Love's dwelling stands;  
 Thither I went, and gave into his hands  
 A humble scroll, his clemency to gain.

Sire, said the writing, Thyrsis, who in pain  
 Has served thee hitherto, this boon demands—  
 His freedom—neither should his suit be vain,  
 After six lustres' service in thy bands.  
 He took the scroll, and seemed to pore thereon :  
 But he was blind, and could not read the case.  
 Seeming to feel his grievous want full sore—  
 Wherefore, with stern and frowning air, anon,  
 He said, and flung my writing in my face—  
 Give it to DEATH—we two will talk it o'er.

---

## ERIN—OUR OWN LITTLE ISLE.

AIR—*The Caravan Jig*

## I.

OH ! Irishmen ! never forget—  
 'Tis a *foreigner's* farm—your own little isle ;  
 Oh ! Irishmen ! when will you get  
 Some *life* in your hearts for your poor little isle ?  
 Yes ! yes !—we've a dear little spot of it !  
 Oh ! yes !—a sweet little isle !  
 Yes ! yes !—if Irishmen thought of it !  
 'Twould be a dear little sweet little isle !

## II.

Then, come on and rise, ev'ry man of you—  
 Now is the time for a stir to be made ;  
 Ho ! Pat ! who made such a lamb of you ?  
 Life to your soul, boy, and strength to your blade !  
 Yes ! yes !—a dear little spot of it !  
 Oh ! yes !—a sweet little isle !  
 Yes ! yes !—if Irishmen thought of it,  
 Erin once more is *our own* little isle !

## III.

Rise ! heartily ! shoulder to shoulder—

We'll show 'em strength with good humour *go leor !*  
Rise ! rise ! show each foreign beholder

We've *not* lost our love to thee, Erin *a stor !*

For oh ! yes !—'tis a dear little spot of it !

Yes ! yes !—a sweet little isle !

Yes ! yes !—the Irish *have* thought of it ;

Erin for ever—*our own* little isle !

## IV.

Never forget what your forefathers fought for, O !

When, with "O'Neill" or "O'Donnell aboo !"

*Sassenachs* ev'rywhere sunk in the slaughter, O !

Vengeance for insult, dear Erin, to you !

For oh ! yes !—a dear little spot !

Yes ! yes !—a sweet little isle ;

Yes ! yes !—if Irishmen thought of it,

Erin once more is *our own* little isle !

## V.

Yes, we *have* strength to make Irishmen free agaiz ;

Only UNITE—and we'll conquer our foe ;

And never on earth shall a foreigner see again

Erin a province—though lately so low.

For oh ! yes !—we've a dear little spot of it !

Yes ! yes !—a sweet little isle !

Yes ! yes !—the Irish *have* thought of it ;

Erin *for ever*—*OUR OWN* little isle !

FERMOY.

## TYROL AND IRELAND.

"Ye gather three ears of corn, and they take two out of three. Are ye contented? are ye happy? But there is a Providence above, and there are angels; and when we seek to right ourselves, they will assist us."—*Speech of Hofer to the Tyrolese*: 1809.

## I.

AND Hofer roused Tyrol for this,  
 Made Winschgan red with blood,  
 Thal Botzen's peasants ranged in arms,  
 And Innspruck's fire withstood.  
 For this! for this! that but a thir'  
 The hind his own could call,  
 When Passyer gathered in her sheaves;  
 Why, ye are robbed of all.

## II.

Up rose the hardy mountaineers,  
 And crushed Bavaria's horse,  
 I' th' name of Father and of Son,\*  
 For *this* without remorse.  
 Great Heaven, for this! that Passyer's swains  
 Of half their store were reft;  
 Why, clods of senseless clay, to you  
 Not even a sheaf is left!

## III.

'Midst plenty gushing round, ye starve—  
 'Midst blessings, crawl accurst,  
 And hoard for your land cormorants all,  
 Deep gorging till they burst!

\* The Bavarian vanguard, composed of 4,000 men, advanced into the defile; and when they had reached midway, the mountaineers hurled down upon their heads huge rocks, which they had rolled to the verge of the precipice in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."—*Histoire des Tyrolens*.

Still—still they spurn you with contempt,  
 Deride your pangs with scorn ;  
 Still bid you bite the dust for churlish,  
 And villains basely born !

## IV.

Oh, idiots ! feel ye not the lash—  
 The fangs that clutch at gold ?  
 From rogues so insolent what hope  
 Of mercy do ye hold ?  
 The pallid millions kneel for food ;  
 The lordling locks his store.  
 Hath earth, alas ! but one Tyrol,  
 And not a Hofer more.

THETA.

## STAND TOGETHER.

## I.

STAND together, brothers all !  
 Stand together, stand together !  
 To live or die, to rise or fall,  
 Stand together, stand together !  
 Old Erin proudly lifts her head—  
 Of many tears the last is shed ;  
 Oh ! for the living—by the dead !  
 Stand together, true together !

## II.

Stand together brothers all !  
 Close together, close together !  
 Be Ireland's might a brazen wall—  
 Close up together, tight together !

Peace!—no noise!—but hand in hand  
Let calm resolve pervade your band,  
And wait—till nature's God command—  
Then help each other, help each other!

## III.

Stand together, brothers all!  
Proud together—bold together!  
From Kerry's cliffs to Donegal,  
Bound in heart and soul together!  
Unroll the Sunburst! who'll defend  
Old Erin's banner is a friend—  
One foe is ours—oh! blend, boys, blend  
Hands together—hearts together!

## IV.

Stand together, brothers all!  
Wait together, watch together!  
See, America and Gaul  
Look on together, both together!  
Keen impatience in each eye—  
Yet on "ourselves" do we rely—  
"Ourselves alone" our rallying cry!  
And "stand together, strike together!"

BETA.

## THE MUSTER OF THE NORTH.

A.D. 1641.

BY CHS. GAVAN DUFFY, M.P.

[We deny and have always denied the alleged massacre of 1641. But that the people rose under their chiefs, seized the English towns and expelled the English settlers, and in doing so committed many excesses, is undeniable—as is equally the desperate provocation. The ballad here printed is not meant as an apology for these excesses, which we condemn and lament, but as a true representation of the feelings of the insurgents in the first madness of success.]

## I.

Joy ! joy ! the day is come at last, the day of hope and pride—  
 And see ! our crackling bonfires light old Bann's rejoicing  
 tide,  
 And gladsome bell, and bugle-horn from Newry's captured  
 Towers,  
 Hark ! how they tell the Saxon swine, this land is ours, is  
 OURS !

## II.

Glory to God ! my eyes have seen the ransomed fields of Down,  
 My ears have drunk the joyful news, "Stout Phelim hath his  
 own."  
 Oh ! may they see and hear no more, oh ! may they rot to  
 clay,  
 When they forget to triumph in the conquest of to-day.

## III.

Now, now we'll teach the shameless Scot to purge his thievish  
 maw,  
 Now, now the Court may fall to pray, for Justice is the Law,  
 Now shall the Undertaker\* square, for once, his loose accounts,  
 We'll strike, brave boys, a fair result, from all his false amounts.

\* The Scotch and English adventurers planted in Ulster by James  
 were called Undertakers.

## IV.

Come, trample down their robber rule, and amite its venal spawn,  
 Their foreign laws, their foreign church, their ermine and their lawn,  
 With all the specious fry of fraud that robbed us of our own ;  
 And plant our ancient laws again, beneath our lineal throne.

## V.

Our standard flies o'er fifty towers, o'er twice ten thousand men ;  
 Down have we plucked the pirate Red never to rise agen ;  
 The Green alone shall stream above our native field and flood—  
 The spotless Green, save where its folds are gemmed with Saxon blood !

## VI.

Pity !\* no, no, you dare not, Priest—not you, our Father, dare Preach to us now that godless creed—the murderer's blood to spare ;  
 To spare his blood, while tombless still our slaughtered kin implore  
 “Graves and revenge” from Gobbin-Cliffs and Carrick's bloody shore !†

## VII.

Pity !—could we “forget—forgive,” if we were clods of clay,  
 Our martyred priests, our banished chiefs, our race in dark decay,

\* Leland, the Protestant Historian, states that the Catholic Priests “laboured zealously to moderate the excesses of war ;” and frequently protected the English by concealing them in their places of worship, and even under their altars.

† The scene of the massacre of the unoffending inhabitants of Island Magee by the garrison of Carrickfergus.

And worse than all—you know it, Priest—the daughters of  
our land,  
With wrongs we blushed to name until the sword was in our  
hand!

## VIII.

Pity! well, if you needs must whine, let pity have its way,  
Pity for all our comrades true, far from our side to-day:  
The prison-bound who rot in chains, the faithful dead who  
poured  
Their blood 'neath Temple's lawless axe or Parson's ruffian  
sword.

## IX.

They smote us with the swearer's oath, and with the mur-  
derer's knife,  
We in the open field will fight, fairly for land and life;  
But, by the Dead and all their wrongs, and by our hopes to-  
day,  
One of us twain shall fight their last, or be it we or they.

## X.

They banned our faith, they banned our lives, they trod us  
into earth,  
Until our very patience stirred their bitter hearts to mirth;  
Even this great flame that wraps them now, not *we* but *they*  
have bred,  
Yes, this is their own work, and now their work be on their  
head.

## XI.

Nay, Father, tell us *not* of help from Leinster's Norman Peers,  
If we shall shape our holy cause to match their selfish fears—  
Helpless and hopeless be their cause, who brook a vain delay.  
Our ship is launched, our flag's afloat, whether they come or  
stay.

## XII.

Let Silken Howth, and savage Slane still kiss their tyrant's rod,  
 And pale Dunsany still prefer his Master to his God,  
 Little we'd miss their father's sons, the Marchmen of the Pale,  
 If Irish hearts and Irish hands had Spanish blade and mail?

## XIII.

Then, let them stay to bow and fawn, or fight withunning words;  
 I fear me more their courtly arts than England's hireling swords;  
 Nevertheless their creed they hate us still, as the Despoiler hates,  
 Could they love us, and love their prey, our kinsmen's lost estates.

## XIV.

Our rude array's a jagged rock to smash the spoiler's power,  
 Or need we aid, His aid we have who doomed this gracious hour;  
 Of yore He led his Hebrew host to peace through strife and pain,  
 And us He leads the self-same path, the self-same goal to gain.

## XV.

Down from the sacred hills whereon a Saint\* communed with God,  
 Up from the vale where Bagnall's blood manured the reeking sod,  
 Out from the stately woods of Truagh, M'Kenna's plundered home,  
 Like Malin's waves, as fierce and fast, our faithful clansmen come.

\* St. Patrick, whose favourite retreat was Lecale, in the County Down.

## XVI.

Then, brethren, on! O'Neill's dear shade would frown to see  
you pause—

Our banished Hugh, our martyred Hugh, is watching o'er  
your cause—

His generous error lost the land—he deemed the Norman true,  
Oh, forward! friends, it must not lose the land again in you!

## NOTE ON THE MUSTER OF THE NORTH.

The *Times* newspaper, in the absence of any topic of public interest, having made this ballad the subject of a leading article, in which extravagant praise of its literary merits was joined with an equally extravagant misrepresentation of its object and tendency, it had the hard fortune to run the gauntlet of all the Tory journals in the empire, and to become the best abused ballad in existence. It was described as the *Rosy Cata* of a new rebellion—as a deliberate attempt to revive the jealousies of the bill of settlement; and the organ of the General Assembly of Ulster coolly proclaimed the writer to be a man with the intellect, but also with the heart, of Satan! Under these circumstances I should not have permitted its insertion in the present edition, had I not feared that omitting it might be interpreted into an admission of charges, than which nothing can possibly be more false or ludicrous. In writing it, I had simply in view to produce—what it will not be denied an historical ballad ought to be—a picture of the *actual feelings* of the times in which the scene is laid; and the sentiments are certainly not more violent than the great masters of ballad poetry—Scott, for example, in his "Glencoe"—have put into the mouths of injured men. Possibly the prejudice in the present case arose from overlooking the fact that these sentiments are attributed to men who had been plundered of two provinces by a false king, imprisoned for returning conscientious verdicts, robbed by enormous fines, persecuted for the exercise of their religion, and subject to a long series of tyrannies which historians, without exception, have described as cruel and infamous. To make these men talk coolly, and exhibit all the horror of spilling one drop of human blood into which O'Connell has trained this generation, would be very much on a par in point of sense and propriety with the old stage custom of dressing Richard III. in the uniform of the Coldstream Guards. So little intention, however, was there to make it available to any political purpose, that there is not a single allusion in the poem that was not suggested by the circumstances of the period; while some of them would be quite inapplicable to any other time, especially to the present (1844).

## IRISH WAR-SONG.

BY EDWARD WALSH.

AIR—*The world's turned upside down.*

## I.

BRIGHT sun, before whose glorious ray,  
 Our Pagan fathers bent the knee;  
 Whose pillar-altars yet can say,  
 When time was young, our sires were free—  
 Who seest how fallen their offspring be—  
 Our matrons' tears—our patriots' gore ;  
 We swear before high Heaven and thee,  
 'The Saxon holds us slaves no more !

## II.

Our Sun-burst on the Roman foe  
 Flash'd vengeance once in foreign field—  
 On Clontarf's plain lay scathed low  
 What power the Sea-kings fierce could wield  
 Beinn Burb might say whose cloven shield  
 'Neath bloody hoofs was trampled o'er ;  
 And by these memories high, we yield  
 Our limbs to Saxon chains no more !

## III.

The *clairseach* wild, whose trembling string  
 Had long the “song of sorrow” spoke,  
 Shall bid the wild *Rosg-Cata*\* sing  
 The curse and crime of Saxon yoke.  
 And, by each heart his bondage broke—  
 Each exile's sigh on distant shore—  
 Each martyr 'neath the headsman's stroke—  
 The Saxon holds us slaves no more !

\* Literally the “Eye of Battle”—the war-song of the bards.

## IV.

Send the loud war-cry o'er the main—  
 Your Sun-burst to the breezes spread.  
 That *slogan* rends the heaven in twain—  
 The earth reels back beneath your tread  
 Ye Saxon despots, hear, and dread—  
 Your march o'er patriot hearts is o'er—  
 That shout hath told—that tramp hath said  
 Our country's sons are slaves no more!

---

## SONG FOR JULY 12TH, 1843

BY J. D. FRASER.

AIR—"Boyne Water."

## I.

Come—pledge again thy heart and hand—  
 One grasp that ne'er shall sever;  
 Our watchword be—"Our native land"—  
 Our motto—"Love for ever."  
 And let the Orange lily be  
 Thy badge, my patriot brother—  
 The everlasting Green for me;  
 And we for one another.

## II.

Behold how green the gallant stem  
 On which the flower is blowing;  
 How in one heavenly breeze and beam  
 Both flower and stem are glowing.

The same good soil sustaining both,  
 Makes both united flourish ;  
 But cannot give the Orange growtl,  
 And cease the Green to nourish.

## III.

Yea more—the hand that plucks the flower  
 Will vainly strive to cherish ;  
 The stem blooms on—but in that hour  
 The flower begins to perish.  
 Regard them, then, of equal worth  
 While lasts their genial weather ;  
 The time's at hand when into earth  
 The two shall sink together.

## IV.

Ev'n thus be, in our country's cause,  
 Our party feelings blended ;  
 Till lasting peace, from equal laws,  
 On both shall have descended.  
 Till then the Orange lily be  
 Thy badge my patriot brother—  
 The everlasting Green for me ;  
 And—we for one another.

## SONG OF THE VOLUNTEERS OF 1782.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

AIR—"Boyne Water."

## I.

HURRAH ! 'tis done—our freedom's won—  
 Hurrah for the Volunteers !  
 No laws we own, but those alone  
 Of our Commons, King, and Peers.

The chain is broke—the Saxon yoke  
From off our neck is taken ;  
Ireland awoke—Dungannon spoke—  
With fear was England shaken.

## II.

When Grattan rose, none dar'd oppose  
The claim he made for freedom ;  
They knew our swords, to back his words,  
Were ready, did he need them.  
Then let us raise, to Grattan's praise,  
A proud and joyous anthem ;  
And wealth, and grace, and length of days,  
May God, in mercy grant him !

## III.

Bless Harry Flood, who nobly stood  
By us, through gloomy years,  
Bless Charlemont, the brave and good,  
The Chief of the Volunteers !  
The North began ; the North held on,  
The strife for native land ;  
Till Ireland rose, and cow'd her foes—  
God bless the Northern land !

## IV.

And bless the men of patriot pen—  
Swift, Molyneux, and Lucas ;  
Bless sword and gun, which "Free Trade" won—  
Bless God ! who ne'er forsook us !  
And long may last the friendship fast,  
Which binds us all together ;  
While we agree, our foes shall flee  
Like clouds in stormy weather.

## v.

Remember still, through good and ill,  
 How vain were prayers and tears—  
 How vain were words, till flashed the swords  
 Of the Irish Volunteers.  
 By arms we've got the rights we sought  
 Through long and wretched years—  
 Hurrah ! 'tis done, our freedom's won—  
 Hurrah for the Volunteers !

---

## THE GAEL AND THE GREEN

BY M. J. BARRY.

AIR—“*One bumper at parting.*”

## L.

COME, fill ev'ry glass to o'erflowing,  
 With wine or potheen if you will,  
 Or, if any think these are too glowing,  
 Let water replace them—but fill !  
 Oh ! trust me 'tis churlish and silly  
 To ask how the bumper's fill'd up ;  
 If the tide in the heart be not chilly,  
 What matters the tide in the cup ?  
 Oh ! ne'er may that heart's tide ascending  
 In shame on our foreheads be seen,  
 While it nobly can ebb in defending  
 Our own glorious colour—the Green !

## II.

In vain did oppression endeavour  
 To trample that green under foot ;  
 The fair stem was broken, but never  
 Could tyranny reach to its root.

Then come, and around it let's rally,  
 And guard it henceforward like men ;  
 Oh ! soon shall each mountain and valley  
 Glow bright with its verdure again.  
 Meanwhile, fill each glass to the brim, boys,  
 With water, with wine, or *potheen*,  
 And on each let the honest wish swim, boys—  
 Long flourish the Gael and the Green !

## III.

Here, under our host's gay dominion,  
 While gathered this table around,  
 What varying shades of opinion  
 In one happy circle are found !  
 What opposite creeds come together—  
 How mingle North, South, East, and West ;  
 Yet who minds the diff'rence a feather ?—  
 Each strives to love Erin the best.  
 Oh ! soon through our beautiful island  
 May union as blessed be seen,  
 While floats o'er each valley and highland  
 Our own glorious colour—the Green !

## THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.\*

## I.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight ?  
 Who blushes at the name ?  
 When cowards mock the patriot's fate,  
 Who hangs his head for shame ?

\* The music to which this fine song is set will be found in the "Ballads and Songs by the writers of the *Nation*, with original and ancient 'c.—JAMES DUFFY, 1845.

He's all a knave or half a slave,  
 Who slighted his country thus ;  
 But a *true* man, like you, man,  
 Will fill your glass with us.

## II.

We drink the memory of the brave  
 The faithful and the few—  
 Some lie far off beyond the wave—  
 Some sleep in Ireland, too ;  
 All—all are gone—but still lives on  
 The fame of those who died—  
 All true men, like you, men,  
 Remember them with pride.

## III.

Some on the shores of distant lands  
 Their weary hearts have laid,  
 And by the stranger's heedless hands  
 Their lonely graves were made ;  
 But, though their clay be far away  
 Beyond the Atlantic foam—  
 In true men, like you, men,  
 Their spirit's still at home.

## IV.

The dust of some is Irish earth ;  
 Among their own they rest ;  
 And the same land that gave them birth  
 Has caught them to her breast ;  
 And we will pray that from their clay  
 Full many a race may start  
 Of true men, like you, men,  
 To act as brave a part.

## V.

They rose in dark and evil days  
 To right their native land ;  
 They kindled here a living blaze  
 That nothing shall withstand.  
 Alas ! that Might can vanquish Right—  
*They* fell and passed away ;  
 But true men, like you, men,  
 Are plenty here to-day.

## VI.

Then here's their memory—may it be  
 For us a guiding light,  
 To cheer our strife for liberty,  
 And teach us to unite.  
 Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,  
 Though sad as theirs your fate ;  
 And true men be you, men,  
 Like those of Ninety-Eight.

## THE BATTLE OF BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUIDHE.

[Won by the great Hugh O'Neill over Marshal Bagenal and the flower of Elizabeth's army, between Armagh and Blackwater Bridge.]

A.D. 1598.

BY WILLIAM DRENNAN.

## L.

By O'Neill close beleagur'd, the spirits might droop  
 Of the Saxon—three hundred shut up in their coop,  
 Till Bagenal drew forth his Toledo, and swore  
 'he sword of a soldier, to succour Port Mor.

## II.

His veteran troops, in the foreign wars tried—  
 Their features how bronz'd, and how haughty their stride—  
 Stept steadily on; it was thrilling to see  
 That thunder-cloud brooding o'er BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUIDHÉ

## III.

The flash of their armour, inlaid with fine gold—  
 Gleaming matchlocks and cannon that mutteringly roll'd—  
 With the tramp and the clank of those stern cuirassiers,  
 Dyed in blood of the Flemish and French cavaliers.

## IV.

And are the mere Irish with pikes and with darts—  
 With but glibb-covered heads, and but rib-guarded hearts—  
 Half-naked, half-fed, with few muskets, no guns—  
 The battle to dare against England's proud sons?

## V.

Poor Bonnachts, and wild Gallowglasses, and Kern\*—  
 Let them war with rude brambles, sharp furze, and dry fern;  
*Wirrastrue*† for their wives—for their babes *ochanie*,  
 If they wait for the Saxon at BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUIDHÉ.

## VI.

Yet O'Neill standeth firm—few and brief his commands—  
 “Ye have hearts in your bosoms, and pikes in your hands;  
 Try how far you can push them, my children, at once;  
*Fag an Bealach*—and down with horse, foot, and great guns.

\* *Buanadh*, a billeted soldier, from *Buanacht*, quarterage. *Gallowglach*, a heavy soldier. *Ceilheirn*, a band of light troops, plural of *Ceiltearnaigh*.

† *Wirrastrue*—*A Mhuire as truagh*, Oh! Mary, what sorrow!

## VII.

They have gold and gay arms—they have biscuit and bread;  
 Now, sons of my soul, we'll be found and be fed;"  
 And he clutch'd his claymore, and—"look yonder," laughed he,  
 "What a grand commissariat for REAL-AN-ATHA-BUIDHE."

## VIII.

Near the chief, a grim tyke, an O'Shanaghan stood,  
 His nostril dilated seemed snuffing for blood;  
 Rough and ready to spring—like the wiry wolf-hound  
 Of Iernè—who, tossing his pike with a bound,

## IX.

Cried, "My hand to the Sassanach! ne'er may I hurt  
 Another to earth if I call him a churl!  
 He finds me in clothing, in booty, in bread—  
 My Chief, won't O'Shanaghan give him a bed?"

## X.

"Land of Owen, abu!" and the Irish rushed on—  
 The foe fir'd but one volley—their gunners are gone  
 Before the bare bosoms the steel-coats have fled,  
 Or, despite casque and corselet, lie dying and dead.

## XI.

And brave Harry Bagenal, he fell while he fought,  
 With many gay gallants—they slept as men ought  
 Their faces to Heaven—there were others alack!  
 By pikes overtaken, and taken aback.

## XII.

And my Irish got clothing, coin, colours, great store,  
 Arms, forage, and provender—plunder *go leor!*  
 They munch'd the white manchets—they champ'd the brown  
 chine  
*Fuilleluadh!* for that day how the natives did dine!

## XIII.

The Chieftain looked on, when O'Shanaghan rose,  
 And cried, hearken O'Neill! I've a health to propose—  
 "To our Sassenach hosts!" and all quaff'd in huge glee,  
 With *Cead mile failte go BRAIL-AN-ATHA-BUIDHIE!*

## THE VOICE OF LABOUR.

*A Chant of the City Meetings.*

A.D. 1843.

BY CHS. GAVAN DUFFY, M.P.

## I.

Ye who despoil the sons of toil, saw ye this sight to-day,  
 When stalwart Trade in long brigade, beyond a king's array.  
 Marched in the blessed light of heaven, beneath the open sky,  
 Strong in the might of sacred RIGHT, that none dare ask them  
 why?

These are the slaves, the needy knaves, ye spit upon with  
 scorn—

The spawn of earth, of nameless birth, and basely bred as  
 born:

Yet know, ye soft and silken Lords, were we the thing ye  
 say,  
 Your broad domains, your coffered gains, your lives were ours  
 to-day!

## II.

Measure that rank from flank to flank; 'tis fifty thousand  
 strong;  
 And mark you here, in front and rear, brigades as deep and  
 long;

And know that never blade of foe, or Arran's deadly breeze  
 Tried by assay of storm or fray, more dauntless hearts than  
 these ;

The sinewy Smith, little he recks of his own child—the sword ;  
 The men of gear, think you they fear *their* handiwork—a  
 Lord ?

And undismayed, yon sons of trade might see the battle's front ;  
 Who bravely bore, nor bowed before, the deadlier face of want.

## III.

What lack we here of show or form, that lure your slaves to  
 death ?

Not serried bands, nor sinewy hands, nor music's martial  
 breath ;

And if we broke the bitter yoke our suppliant race endure,  
 No robbers we—but chivalry—the Army of the Poor.

Shame on ye now, ye Lordly crew, that do your betters wrong—  
 We are no base and braggart mob, but merciful and strong.

Your henchmen vain, your vassal train, would fly our first de-  
 fiance ;

In us—in our strong tranquil breasts—abides your sole reliance.

## IV.

Aye ! keep them all, castle and hall, coffers and costly jewels—  
 Keep your vile gain, and in its train the passions that it fuel s.  
 We envy not your lordly lot—its bloom or its decayance ;  
 But ye have that we claim as ours—our right in long abey-  
 ance :

Leisure to live, leisure to love, leisure to taste our freedom—  
 Oh ! suff'ring poor, oh ! patient poor, how bitterly you need  
 them !

‘Ever to moil, ever to toil,’ that is your social charter,  
 And city slave or peasant serf, the Toiler is its martyr.

## V.

Where Frank and Tuscan shed their sweat the goodly crop is  
theirs—

If Norway's toil make rich the soil, she eats the fruit she  
rears—

O'er Maine's green sward there rules no lord, saving the Lord  
on high;

But we are slaves in our own land—proud masters tell us  
why?

The German burgher and his men, brother with brothers live,  
While toil must wait without *your* gate what gracious crusts  
you give.

Long in your sight, for our own right, we've bent, and still we  
bend—

Why did we bow? why do we now? proud masters this must  
end.

## VI.

Perish the past—a generous land is this fair land of ours,  
And enmity may no man see between its Towns and Towers.  
Come, join our bands—here take our hands—now shame on  
him that lingers,

Merchant or Peer, you have no fear from labour's blistered  
fingers.

Come, join at last, perish the past—its traitors, its seceders—  
Proud names and old, frank hearts and bold, come join and  
be our Leaders.

But know ye lords, that be your swords with us or with our  
wrongs.

Heaven be our guide, for we will bide this lot of shame no  
longer!

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## THE MUNSTER WAR-SONG.

A.D. 1190.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

AIR—"And doth not a meeting."

[This ballad relates to the time when the Irish began to rally and unite against their invaders. The union was, alas! brief, but its effects were great. The troops of Connaught and Ulster, under Cathal Croibh-dearg (Cathal O'Connor of the Red Hand,) defeated and slew Armoric St. Lawrence, and stripped De Courcy of half of his conquests. But the ballad relates to Munster; and an extract from Moore's (the most accessible) book will show that there was solid ground for triumph: "Among the chiefs who agreed at this crisis to postpone their mutual feuds, and act in concert against the enemy, were O'Brian of Thomond, and Mac Carthy of Desmond, hereditary rulers of North and South Munster, and chiefs respectively of the two rival tribes, the Dalcassians and Eoganians. By a truce now formed between those princes, O'Brian was left free to direct his arms against the English; and having attacked their forces at Thurles, in Fogarty's country, gave them A COMPLETE OVERTHROW, putting to the sword, add the Munster annals, a great number of knights."—*Moore's History of Ireland, A.D. 1190.*]

## I.

CAN the depths of the ocean afford you not graves,  
 That you come thus to perish afar o'er the waves;  
 To reddens and swell the wild torrents that flow  
 Through the valley of vengeance, the dark Eatharlach?\*

## II.

The clangour of conflict o'erburthens the breeze,  
 From the stormy Sliabh Bloom to the stately Gailltees  
 Your caverns and torrents are purple with gore,  
 Sliabh na m-Ban,† Gleann Colaich, and sublime Gailte Mor.

## III.

The Sun-burst that slumbered, embalmed in our tears,  
 Tipperary! shall wave o'er thy tall mountaineers!  
 And the dark hill shall bristle with sabre and spear,  
 While one tyrant remains to forge manacles here.

\* Aharrow glen, county Tipperary.

† Slievenamon.

## IV.

The riderless war-steed careers o'er the plain,  
 With a shaft in his flank and a blood-dripping mane,  
 His gallant breast labours, and glare his wild eyes;  
 He plunges in torture—falls—shivers—and dies.

## V.

Let the trumpets ring triumph! the tyrant is slain,  
 He reels o'er his charger deep-pierced through the brain;  
 And his myriads are flying like leaves on the gale,  
 But, who shall escape from our hills with the tale?

## VI.

For the arrows of vengeance are show'ring like rain,  
 And choke the strong rivers with islands of slain,  
 Till thy waves, “lordly Sionainn,” all crimsonly flow,  
 Like the billows of hell, with the blood of the foe.

## VII.

Ay! the foemen are flying, but vainly they fly—  
 Revenge with the fleetness of lightning can vie;  
 And the septs of the mountains spring up from each rock,  
 And rush down the ravines like wolves on the flock.

## VIII.

And who shall pass over the stormy Sliabh Bloom,  
 To tell the pale Saxon of tyranny's doom;  
 When, like tigers from ambush, our fierce mountaineers  
 Leap along from the crags with their death-dealing spears?

## IX.

They came with high boasting to bind us as slaves;  
 but the glen and the torrent have yawned for their graves—  
 From the gloomy Ard Flionnain to wild Teampoll Mor—\*  
 From the Siur to the Sionainn—is red with their gore.

*Ardfinan and Templemore,*

## X.

By the soul of Heremon! our warriors may smile,  
 To remember the march of the foe through our isle  
 Their banners and harness were costly and gay,  
 And proudly they flashed in the summer sun's ray

## XI.

The hilts of their falchions were crusted with gold,  
 And the gems of their helmets were bright to behold,  
 By Saint Bride of Cildare! but they moved in fair shew—  
 To gorge the young eagles of dark Eatharlach!

## AN APPEAL.

## I.

Ill-fated Erin! land of woe  
 Still trodden down by foreign foe,  
 Why strike you not one final blow

## II.

Long-suffering country! are not thine  
 For ambush meet the deep ravine,  
 And plains to form the embattl'd line?

## III.

The hardy Affghan, prompt and bold,  
 Unconquered in his mountain hold,  
 Bade Britain's bravest hearts wax cold.

## IV.

Shall we, who boast a holier trust,  
 Whose stainless cause is pure and just—  
 Shall we still grovel in the dust?

## V.

Shall we, in banded millions strong,  
 Still bear the yoke we've borne too long—  
 Still crouch to insult, scorn, and wrong?

## THE SAXON SHILLING.

BY K. T. BUGGY.

[Mr Buggy was a native of Kilkenny, and editor for some time to the *Kilkenny Journal*. He was also a contributor to the *Citizen Magazine*, and an active agitator in the Repeal movement. He succeeded Mr. Gavan Duffy as editor of the *Belfast Vindicator* in 1843, when the latter established the *Nation*, and he died soon after in the midst of his labours.]

## I.

HARK! a martial sound is heard—  
 The march of soldiers, fifing, drumming;  
 Eyes are staring, hearts are stirr'd—  
 For bold recruits the brave are coming.  
 Ribands flaunting, feathers gay—  
 The sounds and sights are surely thrilling,  
 Dazzled village youths to-day  
 Will crowd to take the *Saxon Shilling*.

## II.

Ye, whose spirits will not bow  
 In peace to parish tyrants longer—  
 Ye, who wear the villain brow,  
 And ye who pine in hopeless hunger—  
 Fools, without the brave man's faith—  
 All slaves and starvelings who are willing  
 To sell yourselves to shame and death—  
 Accept the fatal *Saxon Shilling*.

## III.

Ere you from your mountains go  
 To feel the scourge of foreign fever,  
 Swear to serve the faithless foe  
 That lures you from your land for ever !  
 Swear henceforth its tools to be—  
 To slaughter trained by ceaseless drilling—  
 Honour, home, and liberty,  
 Abandon'd for a *Saxon Shilling*.

## IV.

Go—to find, 'mid crime and toil,  
 The doom to which such guilt is hurried ;  
 Go—to leave on Indian soil  
 Your bones to bleach, accurs'd, unburied !  
 Go—to crush the just and brave,  
 Whose wrongs with wrath the world are filling  
 Go—to slay each brother slave,  
 Or spurn the blood-stained *Saxon Shilling*

## V.

Irish hearts ! why should you bleed,  
 To swell the tide of British glory—  
 Aiding despots in their need,  
 Who've changed our *green* so oft to *gory* ?  
 None, save those who wish to see  
 The noblest killed, the meanest killing,  
 And true hearts severed from the free,  
 Will take again the *Saxon Shilling* !

## VI.

Irish youths ! reserve your strength  
 Until an hour of glorious duty,  
 When Freedom's smile shall cheer at length  
 The land of bravery and beauty.

Bribes and threats, oh, heed no more—  
Let nought but JUSTICE make you willing  
To leave your own dear Island shore,  
For those who send the *Saxon Shillings*.

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### OURSELVES ALONE.

I.

THE work that should to-day be wrought;  
Defer not till to-morrow;  
The help that should within be sought,  
Scorn from without to borrow.  
Old maxims these—yet stout and true—  
They speak in trumpet tone,  
To do at once what is to do,  
And trust OURSELVES ALONE.

### II.

Too long our Irish hearts we school'd,  
In patient hope to bide;  
By dreams of English justice fool'd,  
And English tongues that lied.  
That hour of weak delusion's past,  
The empty dream has flown:  
Our hope and strength, we find at last  
Is in OURSELVES ALONE.

### III.

Aye! bitter hate, or cold neglect,  
Or lukewarm love, at best,  
Is all we've found, or can expect,  
We Aliens of the West.

No friend, beyond our own green shore,  
 Can Erin truly own ;  
 Yet stronger is her trust, therefore,  
 In her brave sons ALONE.

## IV.

Remember when our lot was worse—  
 Sunk, trampled to the dust ;  
 'Twas long our weakness and our curse,  
 In Stranger aid to trust.  
 And if, at length, we proudly trod  
 On bigot laws o'erthrown,  
 Who won that struggle ? Under God,  
 Ourselves—OURSELVES ALONE.

## V.

Oh, let its memory be enshrined  
 In Ireland's heart for ever !  
 It proves a banded people's mind  
 Must win in just endeavour ;  
 It shows how wicked to despair,  
 How weak to idly groan—  
 If ills at *others'* hands ye bear,  
 The cure is in YOUR OWN.

## VI.

The “foolish word impossible”  
 At once, for aye, disdain ;  
 No power can bar a people's will  
 A people's right to gain.  
 Be bold, united, firmly set,  
 Nor flinch in word or tone—  
 We'll be a glorious nation yet,  
 REDEEMED—ERECT— ALONE.

ELIAS CULLEN.

## THE LION AND THE SERPENT.

*An Arms'-Bill Fable.*

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

## I.

In days of old the Serpent came  
 To the Lion's rocky hall,  
 And the forest king spread the sward with game,  
 And they drank at the torrent's fall ;  
 And the Serpent saw that the woods were fair,  
 And she longed to make her dwelling there.

## II.

But she saw that her host had a knack of his own,  
 At tearing a sinew or cracking a bone,  
 And had grinders unpleasantly strong ;  
 So she said to herself, " I'll bamboozle the king  
 With my plausible speech, and all that sort of thing,  
 That, since Eve, to my people belong :

## III.

'Those claws and those grinders must certainly be  
 Inconvenient to you as they're dreadful to me—  
 Draw 'em out, like a love, I'm so 'frighted !  
 And, then, since I've long had an amorous eye on  
 Yourself and your property, dear Mr. Lion,  
 We can be (spare my blushes) *united.*'

## IV.

So subtle the pow'r of her poisonous kisses,  
 So deadly to honour the falsehood she hisses,  
 The lion for once is an ass.  
 Before her, disarmed, the poor simpleton stands,  
 The Union's proclaimed, but the hymen'al bands  
 Are ponderous fetters of brass.

## V.

The lion, self-conquered, is chained on the ground,  
And the breath of his tyrant sheds poison around  
    The fame and the life of her slave.

How long in his torture the stricken king lay  
Historians omit, but 'tis known that one day,  
    The serpent began to look grave;

## VI.

For when passing, as usual, her thrall with a sneer,  
She derisively hiss'd some new taunt in his ear—  
    He shook all his chains with a roar;  
And, observing more closely, she saw with much pain  
That his tusks and his claws were appearing again,  
    A fact she neglected before.

## VII.

From that hour she grew *dang'rously civil*, indeed,  
And declared he should be, ere long, totally freed  
    From every dishonouring chain.  
“The moment, my *dearest*, our friend, the Fox, draws  
Those nasty sharp things from your Majesty's jaws,  
    You must bound free as air o'er the plain.”

## VIII.

But the captive sprung from his dungeon floor,  
And he bow'd the woods with a scornful roar,  
    And his burning eyes flash'd flame;  
And as echo swell'd the shout afar,  
The stormy joy of Freedom's war  
    O'er the blast of the desert came.

## IX.

And the lion laugh'd, and his mirth was loud  
As the stunning burst of a thunder cloud,  
    And he shook his wrathful mane;

And hollow sounds from his lash'd sides come,  
Like the sullen roll of a jarum drum—

He snapped like a reed the chain;  
And the Serpent saw that her reign was o'er,  
And hissing she fled from the Lion's roar!

## THE WEST'S ASLEEP.

AIR—“*The Brink of the White Rocks.*

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

## I.

WHEN all beside a vigil keep,  
The West's asleep, the West's asleep—  
Alas! and well may Erin weep,  
When Connaught lies in slumber deep.  
There lake and plain smile fair and free,  
'Mid rocks—their guardian chivalry—  
Sing oh! let man learn liberty  
From crashing wind and lashing sea.

## II.

That chainless wave and lovely land  
Freedom and Nationhood demand—  
Be sure, the great God never plann'd,  
For slumbering slaves a home so grand.

\* This air slightly differs, in the end of the second line, from the version in Bunting's third volume, and agrees with that to which Mr. Hornastle sang “The Herring is King.” There is a totally different and still finer air known in the Co. Tipperary by the name of “The Brink of the White Rocks.”

And, long, a brave and haughty race  
 Honour'd and sentinel'd the place—  
 Sing oh! not even their sons' disgrace  
 Can quite destroy their glory's trace.

## III.

For often, in O'Connor's van,  
 To triumph dash'd each Connaught clan—  
 And fleet as deer the Normans ran  
 Through Coirrliabbh Pass and Ard Rathain,  
 And later times saw deeds as brave ;  
 And glory guards Clanricarde's grave—  
 Sing oh! they died their land to save,  
 At Aughrim's slopes and Shannon's wave.

## IV.

And if, when all a vigil keep,  
 The West's asleep, the West's asleep—  
 Alas! and well may Erin weep,  
 That Connaught lies in slumber deep.  
 But—hark!—some voice like thunder spake :  
 “*The West's awake, the West's awake*”—  
 Sing oh! hurra! let England quake,  
 We'll watch till death for Erin's sake!

## THE IRISH REAPER'S HARVEST HYMN

BY JOHN KEEGAN.

ALL hail! Holy Mary our hope and our joy!  
 Smile down, blessed Queen! on the poor Irish boy  
 Who wanders away from his dear belov'd home;  
 Oh, Mary! be with me wherever I roam.

\* Vulgarly written Corlews and Ardrahan.

Be with me, oh ! Mary,  
 Forsake me not, Mary,  
 But guide me and guard me, wherever I roam.

From the home of my fathers in anguish I go,  
 To toil for the dark-livered cold-hearted foe,  
 Who mocks me, and hates me, and calls me a slave,  
 An alien, a savage—all names but a knave.

But, blessed be Mary,  
 My sweet Holy Mary,  
 The *bodagh*\* he never dare call me a knave.

From my mother's mud sheeling, an outcast I fly,  
 With a cloud on my heart, and a tear in my eye ;  
 Oh ! I burn as I think that if *Some One* would say,  
 "Revenge on your tyrants"—but Mary, I pray

From my soul's depth, oh ! Mary,  
 And hear me, sweet Mary,  
 For Union and Peace to old Ireland I pray.

The land that I fly from is fertile and fair,  
 And more than I ask or I wish for is there,  
 But I must not taste the good things that I see,  
 "There's nothing but rags and green rushes for me."†

Oh ! mild Virgin Mary,  
 Oh ! sweet Mother Mary,  
 Who keeps my rough hand from red murder but thee ?

But sure in the end our dear freedom we'll gain,  
 And wipe from the Green Flag each Sassenach stain,

\* *Bodagh*, a clown, a churl.

† Taken literally from a conversation with a young peasant on his way to reap the harvest in England.

And oh ! Holy Mary, your blessing we crave,  
 Give hearts to the timid, and hands to the brave  
 And then, Mother Mary,  
 Our own blessed Mary,  
 Light liberty's flame in the hut of the slave

---

## ADIEU TO INNISFAIL

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

AIR—"The Cruiskeen Lass."

I.

ADIEU !—the snowy sail  
 Swells her bosom to the gale,  
 And our barque from Innisfail  
 Bounds away.  
 While we gaze upon thy shore,  
 That we never shall see more,  
 And the blinding tears flow o'er,  
 We pray.

## II.

*Ma vuirneen !* be thou long  
 In peace, the queen of song—  
 In battle proud and strong  
 As the sea !  
 Be saints thine offspring still—  
 True heroes guard each hill—  
 And harps by ev'ry will  
 Sound free !

## III.

Tho', round her Indian bowers,  
 The hand of nature showers  
 The brightest-blooming flowers  
     Of our sphere ;  
 Yet not the richest rose  
 In an *alien* clime that blows,  
 Like the brier at home that grows,  
     Is dear.

## IV.

Tho' glowing breasts may be  
 In soft vales beyond the sea,  
 Yet ever, *Gra ma chree*,  
     Shall I wail  
 For the heart of love I leave,  
 In the dreary hours of eve,  
 On thy stormy shore to grieve,  
     Innisfail

## V.

But mea'ry o'er the deep  
 On her dewy wing shall sweep,  
 When in midnight hours I weep  
     O'er thy wrongs ;  
 And bring me, steep'd in tears  
 The dead flow'rs of other years,  
 And waft unto my ears  
     Home's song.

## VI.

When I slumber in the gloom  
 Of a nameless foreign tomb,  
 By a distant ocean's boom,  
     Innisfail !

Around thy em'rald shore  
 May the clasping sea adore,  
 And each wave in thunder roar,  
 "All hail!"

## VII.

And when the final sigh  
 Shall bear my soul on high,  
 And on chainless wing I fly  
 Thro' the blue,  
 Earth's latest thought shall be  
 As I soar above the sea—  
 "Green Erin, dear, to thee—  
 Adieu!"

## BOYHOOD'S YEARS.

BY THE REV. CHARLES MEEHAN.

## I.

AH! why should I recal them—the gay, the joyous years,  
 Ere hope was cross'd or pleasure dimm'd by sorrow and by  
 tears?  
 Or why should mem'ry love to trace youth's glad and sunlit  
 way,  
 When those who made its charms so sweet are gathered to  
 decay?  
 The summer's sun shall come again to brighten hill and  
 bower—  
 The teaming earth its fragrance bring beneath the balmy  
 shower;  
 But all in vain will mem'ry strive, in vain we shed our tears—  
 They're gone away and can't return—the friends of boyhood's  
 years!

## IL

Ah ! why then wake my sorrow, and bid me now count o'er  
The vanished friends so dearly prized—the days to come no  
more—

The happy days of infancy, when no guile our bosoms knew,  
Nor reck'd we of the pleasures that with each moment flew?  
'Tis all in vain to weep for them—the past a dream appears ;  
And where are they—the lov'd, the young, the friends of boy-  
hood's years ?

## III.

Go seek them in the cold church-yard—they long have stolen  
to rest ;  
But do not weep, for their young cheeks by woe were ne'er  
oppress'd :

Life's sun for them in splendour set—no cloud came o'er the  
ray

That lit them from this gloomy world upon their joyous way.  
No tears about their graves be shed—but sweetest flow'rs be  
flung—

The fittest off'ring thou canst make to hearts that perish  
young—

To hearts this world has never torn with racking hopes and  
fears ;

For bless'd are they who pass away in boyhood's happy years.

## THE MEN OF TIPPERARY.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

## L

LET Britain boast her British hosts,  
About them all right little care we ;  
Not British seas nor British coasts  
Can match The Man of Tipperary !

## II.

Tall is his form, his heart is warm,  
 His spirit light as any fairy—  
 His wrath is fearful as the storm  
 That sweeps The Hills of Tipperary!

## III.

Lead him to fight for native land,  
 His is no courage cold and wary;  
 The troops live not on earth would stand  
 The headlong Charge of Tipperary!

## IV.

Yet meet him in his cabin rude,  
 Or dancing with his dark-hair'd Mary,  
 You'd swear they knew no other mood  
 But Mirth and Love in Tipperary!

## V.

You're free to share his scanty meal,  
 His plighted word he'll never vary—  
 In vain they tried with gold and steel  
 To shake The Faith of Tipperary!

## VI.

Soft is his cuilin's sunny eye,  
 Her mien is mild, her step is airy,  
 Her heart is fond, her soul is high—  
 Oh! she's The Pride of Tipperary!

## VII.

Let Britain, too, her banner brag,  
 We'll lift The Green more proud and airy;  
 Be mine the lot to bear that flag,  
 And head The Men of Tipperary!

## VII.

Though Britain boasts her British hosts,  
 About them all right little care we—  
 Give us, to guard our native coasts,  
 The Matchless Men of Tipperary !

## FATHER MATHEW.

ODE TO A PAINTER ABOUT TO COMMENCE A PICTURE  
ILLUSTRATING THE LABOURS OF FATHER MATHEW.

## I.

SEIZE thy pencil, child of art !  
 Fame and fortune brighten o'er thee ;  
 Great thy hand, and great thy heart,  
 If well thou do'st the work before thee !  
 'Tis not thine to round the shield,  
 Or point the sabre, black or gory ;  
 'Tis not thine to spread the field,  
 Where crime is crown'd—where guilt is glory

## II.

Child of art ! to thee be given  
 To paint, in colours all unclouded,  
 Breakings of a radiant heaven  
 O'er an isle in darkness shrouded !  
 But, to paint them true and well,  
 Every ray we see them shedding  
 In its very light must tell  
 What a gloom before was spreading

## III.

Canst thou picture dried-up tears—  
Eyes that wept no longer weeping—  
Faithful woman's wrongs and fears,  
Lonely, nightly vigils keeping—  
Listening ev'ry footfall nigh—  
Hoping him she loves returning?  
Canst thou, then, depict her joy,  
That we may know *the change* from mourning?

## IV.

Paint in colours strong, but mild,  
Our Isle's Redeemer and Director—  
Canst thou paint *the man a child*,  
Yet shadow forth the mighty VICTOR?  
Let his path a rainbow span,  
Every *hue* and *colour* blending—  
Beaming "peace and love" to man,  
And alike o'er ALL extending!

## V.

Canst thou paint a land made free—  
From its sleep of bondage woken—  
Yet, withal, that we may see  
What 'twas *before* the chain was broken?  
Seize the pencil, child of art!  
Fame and fortune brighten o'er thee  
Great thy hand, and great thy heart,  
If well thou do'st the work before thee

---

## SONG OF THE PENAL DAYS.

A.D. 1720.

BY EDWARD WALSH.

AIR—“*Mo Chraoivin aorinn.*”

## I.

Ye dark-haired youths and elders hoary  
 List to the wand'ring harper's song,  
 My *clairsheach* weeps my true love's story,  
 In my true love's native tongue :  
 She's bound and bleeding 'neath the oppressor,  
 Few her friends and fierce her foes,  
 And brave hearts cold who would redress her—  
*Ma chreevin evin alga, O!*

## II.

My love had riches once and beauty,  
 Till want and sorrow paled her cheek ;  
 And stalwart hearts for honour's duty—  
 They're crouching now, like cravens sick.  
 Oh Heaven ! that e'er this day of rigour  
 Saw sons of heroes, abject, low—  
 And blood and tears thy face disfigure,  
*Ma chreevin evin alga, O !*

## III.

I see young virgins step the mountain  
 As graceful as the bounding fawn.  
 With cheeks like heath-flow'r by the fountain,  
 And breasts like downy *ceanavan*.  
 Shall bondsmen share those beauties ample ?  
 Shall their pure bosoms' current flow  
 To nurse new slaves for them that ~~treasure~~  
*Ma chreevin evin alga, O !*

## IV.

Around my *clairsheach's* speaking measures,  
 Men, like their fathers tall, arise—  
 Their heart the same deep hatred treasures,  
 I read it in their *kindling* eyes !  
 The same proud brow to frown at danger—  
 The same long *coulin's* graceful flow—  
 The same dear tongue to curse the stranger—  
*Ma chreevin evin alga, O !*

## V.

I'd sing ye more, but age is stealing  
 Along my pulse and tuneful fires ;  
 Far bolder woke my chord, appealing,  
 For craven *Sheamus* to your sires.  
 Arouse to vengeance, men of brav'ry,  
 For broken oaths—for altars low—  
 For bonds that bind in bitter slav'ry—  
*Ma chreevin evin alga, O !*

## WAS IT A DREAM ?

BY JOHN O'CONNELL, M.P.

## I.

It was an empty dream, perchance—yet seemed a vision high,  
 That in the midnight hour last night arose before mine eye,  
 Two figures—one in woe and chains, the other proud and free—  
 Were met in converse deep and grave beside the western sea.

## II.

“What, re'er content, and restless still !” the proud one  
 sternly cried ;  
 “ smooth of freedom Prattling still and parting from my side ?

I hold thy chain, thou busy fool, mine ire thou mayest provoke,  
And bring destruction on thine head, but never shake my  
yoke!"

## III.

Then up arose the mourning one, and raised her beauteous  
head,  
And mild and calm, though sad in tone, "my sister," thus she  
said,  
"For sister I would fain thee call, though tyrant thou hast  
been—  
None feller, or more pitiless, hath hapless slave e'er seen.

## IV.

"The Rights, the Freedom, that I seek, the Lord of Heaven  
gave,  
That mighty Lord who never willed that earth should hold a  
slave!  
Those rights—that Freedom thou didst take, I only ask of thee,  
To give *mine own* to me again, and friends we'll ever be!"

## V.

The proud one laughed in haughty scorn, and waved a fal-  
chion bright  
O'er the enchain'd one's head aloft, and dared her to the fight!  
The flushing cheek and kindling eye bespoke no terror there,  
But with a strong convulsive grasp, she bow'd to heaven in  
prayer!

## VI.

Then raised her front serene again, and mildly spoke once more  
"Seven long and weary centuries of insult have passed o'er  
Of insult and of cruel wrong! and from the earliest hour,  
E'en to this day, a tyrant thou hast been, in pride of power.

## VII.

" But when distress and enemies came threat'ningly around,  
*Then* soft in words, and falsely kind, thou ever hast been found!  
Distress again may come to thee, and foreign dangers press,  
And thou be forced to yield me all, and earn no thankfulness!"

## VIII.

Again the proud one scornful laughed, and waved again her  
brand,  
The other mutely raised to Heaven her chained and fettered  
hand—  
Then swift a storm passed o'er the scene, and when its gloom  
was gone,  
The tyrant form was lowly laid—the captive had her own !

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## THE PATRIOT'S BRIDE.

BY CHS. GAVAN DUFFY, M.P.

Oh ! give me back that royal dream  
My fancy wrought,  
When I have seen your sunny eyes  
Grow moist with thought ;  
And fondly hop'd, dear love, your heart from mine  
Its spell had caught ;  
And laid me down to dream that dream divine,  
But true, methought,  
Of how my life's long task would be, to make yours blessed  
as it ought.

For your sweet sake,  
To watch with you—dear friend, with you!—  
Its wonders break ;  
The sparkling Spring in that bright face to see  
Its mirror make—  
On summer morn to hear the sweet birds sing  
By linn and lake ;  
And know your voice, your magic voice, could still a grander  
music wake !

On some old shell-strewn rock to sit  
In Autumn eves,  
Where gray Killiney cools the torrid air  
Hot autumn weaves ;  
Or by that Holy Well in mountain lone  
Where Faith believes  
(Fain would I b'lieve) its secret, darling, wish  
True love achieves,  
Yet, oh ! its Saint was not more pure than she to whom my  
fond heart cleaves.

To see the dank mid-winter night  
Pass like a noon,  
Sultry with thought from minds that teemed,  
And glowed like June ;  
Whereto would pass in sculp'd and pictured train  
Art's magic boon ;  
And Music thrill with many a haughty strain,  
And dear old tune,  
Till hearts grew sad to hear the destined hour to part had  
come so soon.

To wake the old weird world that sleeps  
    In Irish lore ;  
The strains sweet foreign Spenser sung  
    By Mulla's shore ;  
Dear Curran's airy thoughts, like purple birds  
    That shine and soar ;  
Tone's fiery hopes, and all the deathless vows  
    that Grattan swore ;  
The songs that once our own dear Davis sung—ah, me ! to  
    sing no more.

To search with mother-love the gifts  
    Our land can boast—  
Soft Erna's isles, Neagh's wooded slopes,  
    Clare's iron coast ;  
Kildare, whose legends gray our bosoms stir  
    With fay and ghost ;  
Gray Mourne, green Antrim, purple Glenmalur—  
    Lene's fairy host ;  
With raids to many a foreign land to learn to love dear Ire-  
    land most.

And all those proud old victor fields  
    We thrill to name ;  
Whose mem'ries are the stars that light  
    Long nights of shame ;  
The Cairn, the Dun, the Rath, the Tower, the Keep,  
    That still proclaim  
In chronicles of clay and stone, how true, how deep  
    Was Eirè's fame.  
Oh ! we shall see them all, with her, that dear dear friend  
    we two have lov'd the same.

Yet ah! how truer, tend'rer still  
 Methought did seem  
 That scene of tranquil joy, that happy home,  
 By Dodder's stream ;  
 The morning smile, that grew a fix'd star  
 With love-lit beam,  
 The ringing laugh, locked hands, and all the far  
 And shining stream  
 Of daily love, that made our daily life diviner than a dream.

For still to me, dear friend, dear Love,  
 Or both—dear Wife,  
 Your image comes with serious thoughts,  
 But tender, rife ;  
 No idle plaything to caress or chide  
 In sport or strife ;  
 But my best chosen friend, companion, guide,  
 To walk through life,  
 Link'd hand in hand, two equal, loving friends, true husband  
 and true wife.

## THE LOST PATH.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

AIR—“*Graidh ma chroidhe.*”\*

## I.

SWEET thoughts, bright dreams, my comfort be,  
 All comfort else has flown ;  
 For every hope was false to me,  
 And here I am, alone.

\* *Vulgo: gra ma chree (Anglise, my heart's love.)*

What thoughts were mine in early youth?  
 Like some old Irish song,  
 Brimful of love, and life, and truth,  
 My spirit gush'd along.

## II.

I hoped to right my native isle,  
 I hoped a soldier's fame,  
 I hoped to rest in woman's smile,  
 And win a minstrel's name—  
 Oh! little have I served my land,  
 No laurels press my brow,  
 I have no woman's heart or hand,  
 Nor minstrel honours now.

## III.

But fancy has a magic power,  
 It brings me wreath and crown,  
 And woman's love, the self-same hour  
 It smites oppression down.  
 Sweet thoughts, bright dreams, my comfort be;  
 I have no joy beside;  
 Oh! throng around, and be to me  
 Power, country, fame, and bride.

---

BIDE YOUR TIME.

BY M. J. BARRY.

## I.

BIDE YOUR TIME, the morn is breaking,  
 Bright with Freedom's blessed ray—  
 Millions, from their trance awaking,  
 Soon shall stand in firm array.

Man shall fetter man no longer;  
 Liberty shall march sublime:  
 Every moment makes you stronger—  
 Firm, unshrinking, **BIDE YOUR TIME!**

## II.

**BIDE YOUR TIME**—one false step taken  
 Perils all you yet have done;  
 Undismayed—erect—unshaken—  
 Watch and wait, and all is won.  
 'Tis not by a rash endeavour  
 Men or states to greatness climb—  
 Would you win your rights for ever,  
 Calm and thoughtful, **BIDE YOUR TIME!**

## III.

**BIDE YOUR TIME**—your worst transgression  
 Were to strike, and strike in vain;  
 He, whose arm would smite oppression,  
 Must not need to smite again!  
 Danger makes the brave man steady—  
 Rashness is the coward's crime—  
 Be for Freedom's battle ready,  
 When it comes—but, **BIDE YOUR TIME!**

## THE PRICE OF FREEDOM.

BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

## I.

**MAN** of Ireland!—Heir of sorrow—  
 Wronged, insulted, scorned, oppressed—  
 Wilt thou never see that morrow  
 When thy weary heart may rest?

Lift thine eyes, thou outraged creature ;  
 Nay, look up, for *Man* thou art—  
 Man in form, in frame, and feature—  
 Why not act man's godlike part ?

## II.

Think, reflect, inquire, examine,  
 Is't for this God gave you birth—  
 With the spectre look of famine,  
 Thus to creep along the earth ?  
 Does this world contain no treasures  
 Fit for thee, as *Man*, to wear ?—  
 Does this life abound in pleasures,  
 And thou askest not to share ?

## III.

Look ! the nations are awaking—  
 Every chain that bound them burst !  
 At the crystal fountains slaking  
 With parched lips their fever thirst !  
 Ignorance, the demon, fleeing,  
 Leaves unlocked the fount they sip—  
 Wilt thou not, thou wretched being,  
 Stoop and cool thy burning lip ?

## IV.

History's lessons, if thou'l read 'em,  
 All proclaim this truth to thee :  
 Knowledge is the price of freedom—  
 Know thyself, and thou art free !  
 Know, oh ! *Man*, thy proud vocation—  
 Stand erect, with calm, clear brow—  
 Happy ! happy, were our nation  
 If thou hadst that knowledge now !

## V.

Know thy wretched, sad condition—  
Know the ills that keep thee so—  
Knowledge is the sole physician—  
Thou wert healed if thou didst know !  
Those who crush, and scorn, and slight thee—  
Those to whom you once would kneel—  
Were the foremost then to right thee,  
If thou felt as thou shouldst feel !

## VI.

Not as beggars lowly bending—  
Not in sighs, and groans, and tears—  
But a voice of thunder sending  
Through thy tyrant brother's ears !  
Tell him he is not thy master—  
Tell him of man's common lot—  
Feel life has but one disaster—  
To be a slave, and know it not !

## VII.

If thou knew what knowledge giveth—  
If thou knew how blest is he  
Who in Freedom's presence liveth,  
Thou wouldest die, or else be free !  
Round about he looks in gladness—  
Joys in heaven, and earth, and sea—  
Scarcely heaves a sigh of sadness,  
Save in thoughts of such as thee !

## INNIS-EOGHAIN.

BY CHAS. GAVAN DUFFY, M.P.

[INNIS-EOGHAIN (commonly written Innishowen and pronounced Innishone) is a wild and picturesque district in the county Donegal, inhabited chiefly by the descendants of the Irish clans permitted to remain in Ulster after the plantation of James I. The native language, and the old songs and legends of the country, are as universal as the people. One of the most familiar of these legends is, that a troop of Hugh O'Neill's horse lies in magic sleep in a cave under the hill of Aileach, where the princes of the country were formerly installed. These bold troopers only wait to have the spell removed to rush to the aid of their country; and a man (says the legend) who wandered accidentally into the cave, found them lying beside their horses, fully armed, and holding the bridles in their hands. One of them lifted his head, and asked, "Is the time come?" but receiving no answer—for the intruder was too much frightened to reply—dropped back into his lethargy. Some of the old folk consider the story an allegory and interpret it as they desire.]

## I.

God bless the gray mountains of dark Dun na n-gall !\*  
 God bless Royal Aileach ! the pride of them all ;  
 For she sits evermore, like a queen on her throne,  
 And smiles on the valleys of Green Innis-Eogain.

And fair are the valleys of Green Innis-Eogain,  
 And hardy the fishers that call them their own—  
 A race that nor traitor nor coward has known,  
 Enjoys the fair valleys of Green Innis-Eogain.

## II.

Oh ! simple and bold are the bosoms they bear,  
 Like the hills that with silence and nature they share ;  
 For our God, who hath planted their home near His own,  
 Breath'd His spirit abroad upon fair Innis-Eogain.

Then praise to our Father for wild Innis-Eogain,  
 Where fiercely for ever the surges are thrown—  
 Nor weather nor fortune a tempest hath blown  
 Could shake the strong bosoms of brave Innis Eogain.

\* Donegal.

## III.

See the bountiful Cul-daim<sup>†</sup> careering along—  
 A type of their manhood so stately and strong—  
 On the weary for ever its tide is bestown,  
 So they share with the stranger in fair Innis-Eogain.

God guard the kind homesteads of fair Innis-Eogain,  
 Which manhood and virtue have chos'n for their own ;  
 Not long shall the nation in slavery groan,  
 That rears the tall peasants of fair Innis-Eogain.

## IV.

Like the oak of St. Bride which nor Devil nor Dane,  
 Nor Saxon nor Dutchman could rend from her fane,  
 They have clung by the creed and the cause of their own  
 Through the midnight of danger in true Innis-Eogain.

Then shout for the glories of old Innis-Eogain,  
 The stronghold that foemen has never o'erthrown—  
 The soul and the spirit, the blood and the bone,  
 That guard the green valleys of true Innis-Eogain.

## V.

Nor purer of old was the tongue of the Gael,  
 When the charging *aboo* made the foreigner quail ;  
 That it gladdens the stranger in welcome's soft tone,  
 In the home-loving cabins of kind Innis-Eogain.

Oh ! flourish ye homesteads of kind Innis-Eogain,  
 Where seeds of a people's redemption are sown ;  
 Right soon shall the fruit of that sowing have grown,  
 To bless the kind homesteads of Green Innis-Eogain.

† The Coulah, or Culdaff, is a chief river in the Innishowen mountains.

## VI.

When they tell us the tale of a spell-stricken land,  
 All entranced, with their bridles and broadswords in hand,  
 Who await but the word to give Erin her own,  
 They can read you that riddle in proud Innis-Eogain.

Hurra for the Spemen\* of proud Innis-Eogain!—  
 Long live the wild Seers of stout Innis-Eogain!—  
 May Mary, our mother, be deaf to their moan  
 Who love not the promise of proud Innis-Eogain!

## PADDIES EVERMORE.

AIR.—“*Paddies evermore.*”

## I.

The hour is past to fawn or crouch  
 As suppliants for our right;  
 Let word and deed unshrinking vouch  
 The banded millions' might:  
 Let them who scorned the fountain rill,  
 Now dread the torrent's roar,  
 And hear our echoed chorus still,  
 We're Paddies evermore.

## II.

What, though they menace suffering men,  
 Their threats and them despise;  
 Or promise justice once again,  
 We know their words are lies;

\* An Ulster and Scotch term signifying a person gifted with “second sight”—a prophet.

We stand resolved those rights to claim  
 They robbed us of before,  
 Our own dear nation and our name,  
 As Paddies evermore.

## III.

Look round—the Frenchman governs France  
 The Spaniard rules in Spain,  
 The gallant Pole but waits his chance  
 To break the Russian chain;  
 The strife for freedom here begun  
 We never will give o'er,  
 Nor own a land on earth but one—  
 We're Paddies evermore.

## IV.

That strong and single love to crush,  
 The despot ever tried—  
 A fount it was whose living gush  
 His hated arts defied.  
 'Tis fresh, as when his foot accurst  
 Was planted on our shore,  
 And now and still, as from the first,  
 We're Paddies evermore.

## V.

What reck we though six hundred years  
 Have o'er our thraldom rolled,  
 The soul that roused O'Connor's spears,  
 Still lives as true and bold;  
 The wide of foreign power to stem  
 Our fathers bled of yore,  
 And we stand here to-day, like them,  
 True Paddies evermore.

## VI.

Where's our allegiance? With the land,  
 For which they nobly died;  
 Our duty? By our cause to stand,  
 Whatever chance betide,  
 Our cherished hope? To heal the woes,  
 That rankle at her core;  
 Our scorn and hatred? To her foes,  
 Like Paddies evermore.

## VII.

The hour is past to fawn or crouch  
 As supplicants for our right;  
 Let word and deed unshrinking vouch  
 The banded millions' might;  
 Let them who scorned the fountain rill,  
 Now dread the torrent's roar,  
 And hear our echoed chorus still,  
 We're Paddies evermore,

SLIABH CUILLINN

## THE RIGHT ROAD.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

## I.

LET the feeble-hearted pine,  
 Let the sickly spirit whine,  
 But to work and win be thine,  
 While you've life.  
 God smiles upon the bold—  
 So when your flag's unroll'd,  
 Bear it bravely till you're cold  
 In the strife.

## II.

If to rank or fame you soar,  
 Out your spirit frankly pour—  
 Men will serve you and adore,  
     Like a king.  
 Woo your girl with honest pride,  
 Till you've won her for your bride—  
 Then to her, through time and tide,  
     Ever cling.

## III.

Never under wrongs despair  
 Labour long and everywhere,  
 Link your countrymen, prepare,  
     And strike home.  
 Thus have great men ever wrought,  
 Thus must greatness still be sought,  
 Thus labour'd lov'd, and fought  
     Greece and Rome.

## A RALLY FOR IRELAND.

MAY, 1689.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

## I.

SHOUT it out, till it ring  
 From Beinn-Mor to Cape Cielr  
 For our country and king,  
 And religion so dear,  
     Rally, men ! rally—  
     Irishmen ! rally !

Gather round the dear flag, that, wet with our tears,  
 And torn and bloody, lay hid for long years,  
 And now, once again, in its pride re-appears.

See ! from The Castle our green banner waves,  
 Bearing fit motto for uprising slaves—

For "Now or Never !

"Now and for Ever !"

Bids you to battle for triumphs or graves—

Bids you to burst on the Sassenach knaves—

Rally, then, rally !

Irishmen, rally !

Shout "Now or Never,

"Now and for ever !"

Heed not their fury, however it raves,

Welcome their horsemen with pikes and with staves,

Close on their cannon, their bay'nets, and glaives,

Down with their standard wherever it waves ;

Fight to the last, and ye cannot be slaves !

Fight to the last, and you cannot be slaves !

### II.

Gallant Sheldon is here,

And Hamilton, too,

And Tirconaill so dear,

And MacCartha, so true.

And there are Frenchmen ;

Skilful and staunch men—

De Rosen, Pontee, Pusignan, and Boisseleau,

And Gallant Lauzun is a coming, you know,

With Bealdearg, the kinsman of great Owen Roe

From Sionainn to Bann, and from Liffé to Laoi,\*

The country is rising for Liberte.

\* These rivers are vulgarly named Shannon Liffey and Lee.

Tho' your arms are rude,  
 If your courage be good,  
 As the traitor fled will the stranger flee,  
 At another Drom-mhor, from "the Irishry."

Arm peasant and lord !  
 Grasp musket and sword !  
 Grasp pike, staff, and skian !  
 Give your horses the rein !

March in the name of his Majesty—  
 Ulster and Munster unitedly—  
 Townsman and peasant, like waves of the sea—  
 Leinster and Connacht to victory—  
 Shoulder to shoulder for Liberty,  
 Shoulder to shoulder for Liberty.

## III.

Kirk, Schomberg and Churchill  
 Are coming—what then ?  
 We'll drive them and Dutch Will  
 To England again ;  
 We can laugh at each threat,  
 For our Parliament's met—  
 De Courcy, O'Brien, M'Domhnaill, Le Poer,  
 O'Neil and St. Lawrence, and others *go leor*.  
 The choice of the land from Athlone to the shore !  
 They'll break the last link of the Sassenach chain—  
 They'll give us the lands of our fathers again !  
 Then up ye ! and fight  
 For your King and your Right,  
 Or ever to ill wi, and never complain,  
 Tho' they trample your roof-tree, and rifle your fane.  
 Rally, then, rally !  
 Irishmen, rally—

Fight "Now or Never,  
"Now and for ever!"

Laws are in vain without swords to maintain;  
So, muster as fast as the fall of the rain:  
Serried and rough as a field of ripe grain,  
Stand by your flag upon mountain and plain:  
Charge till yourselves or your foemen are slain!  
Fight till yourselves or your foemen are slain!

---

## EIRE A RUIN.

AIR—*Eiblin a Ruin.*\*

## I.

Long thy fair cheek was pale,  
*Eire a ruin—*  
Too well it spake thy tale,  
*Eire a ruin—*  
Fondly-nursed hopes betrayed,  
Gallant sons lowly laid,  
All anguish there portrayed,  
*Eire a ruin.*

## II.

Long my dear *claireach's* string,  
*Eire a ruin,*  
Sang but as captives sing,  
*Eire a ruin—*  
'Twas sorrow's broken sigh,  
Blent with mirth's reckless cry,  
Saddest of minstrelsy!—  
*Eire a ruin.*

\* In vulgar spelling, *Eileen groan*.

## III.

Still was it thine to cope,  
*Eire a ruin—*  
 Still against hope to hope,  
*Eire a ruin,*  
 Ever through blackest woe,  
 Fronting that tyrant foe,  
 Whom thou shalt yet lay low,  
*Eire a ruin.*

## IV.

Though he should sue thee now,  
*Eire a ruin,*  
 Heed not his traitor vow,  
*Eire a ruin;*  
 When didst thou e'er believe,  
 When his false words receive,  
 But sorely thou didst grieve,  
*Eire a ruin ?*

## V.

Millions of hearts are thine,  
*Eire a ruin;*  
 Millions as one combine,  
*Eire a ruin;*  
 Closer in peril knit,  
 Patient, though passion-lit—  
 For such is triumph writ,  
*Eire a ruin.*

## VI.

Then let thy *clairseach* pour,  
*Eire a ruin,*  
 Wailings of grief no more,  
*Eire a ruin,*

But strains like flash of steel,  
Kindling that fire of zeal,  
Which melts their chains who feel,

*Eire a ruin.*

SÍLÉABH CUILINN.

TONE'S GRAVE.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

In Bodenstown Churchyard there is a green grave,  
And wildly along it the winter winds rave;  
Small shelter, I ween, are the ruin'd walls there,  
When the storm sweeps down on the plains of Kildare.

II.

Once I lay on that sod—it lies over Wolfe Tone—  
And thought how he perished in prison alone,  
His friends unavenged, and his country unfreed—  
“Oh, bitter,” I said, “is the patriot's meed;

III.

“For in him the heart of a woman combin'd  
With a heroic life, and a governing mind—  
A martyr for Ireland—his grave has no stone—  
His name seldom nam'd, and his virtues unknown.”

IV.

I was woken from my dream by the voices and tread  
Of a band, who came into the home of the dead:  
They carried no corpse, and they carried no stone,  
They stopp'd when they came to the grave of Wolfe Tone.

## V.

There were students and peasants, the wise and the brave,  
 And an old man who knew him from cradle to grave.  
 And children who thought me hard-hearted ; for they,  
 On that sanctified sod, were forbidden to play.

## VI.

But the old man, who saw I was mourning there, said,  
 " We come, sir, to weep where young Wolfe Tone is laid,  
 And we're going to raise him a monument, too—  
 A plain one, yet fit for the simple and true."

## VII.

My heart overflow'd, and I clasped his old hand,  
 And I bless'd him, and bless'd every one of his band ;  
 " Sweet ! sweet ! 'tis to find that such faith can remain  
 To the cause, and the man so long vanquish'd and slain."

## VIII.

\* \* \* \* \*

## IX.

\* \* \* \* \*

## X.

In Bodenstown Churchyard there is a green grave,  
 And freely around it let winter winds rave—  
 Far better they suit him—the ruin and gloom,  
 Till Ireland, a nation, can build him a tomb.

## THE SHAN VAN VACHT,

(PROPERLY AN T-SEAN BHEAN BHOCHE).

A.D. 1176.

BY MICHAEL DOHENY.

## I.

The sainted isle of old,  
 Says the *Shan Van Vacht*,  
 The sainted isle of old,  
 Says the *Shan Van Vacht*,  
 The parent and the mould  
 Of the beautiful and bold,  
 Has her blithesome heart waxed cold?  
 Says the *Shan Van Vacht*.

## II.

The Saxon and the Dane,  
 Says the *Shan Van Vacht*,  
 The Saxon and the Dane,  
 Says the *Shan Van Vacht*,  
 The Saxon and the Dane,  
 Our immortal hills profane,  
 Oh! confusion seize the twain,  
 Says the *Shan Van Vacht*.

## III.

What are the Chiefs to do?  
 Says the *Shan Van Vacht*;  
 What are the Chiefs to do?  
 Says the *Shan Van Vacht*,  
 What should the Chieftains do,  
 But to treat the hireling crew,  
 To a touch of Brian Boru?  
 Says the *Shan Van Vacht*

## IV.

They came across the wave,  
Says the *Shan Van Vacht*,  
They came across the wave,  
Says the *Shan Van Vacht*,  
They came across the wave,  
But to plunder and enslave,  
And should find a robber's grave,  
Says the *Shan Van Vacht*.

## V.

Then be the trusty brand,  
Says the *Shan Van Vacht*,  
Then be the trusty brand  
Says the *Shan Van Vacht*,  
Then be the trusty brand,  
Firmly clutched in every hand,  
And we'll scourge them from the land,  
Says the *Shan Van Vacht*.

## VI.

There's courage yet and truth,  
Says the *Shan Van Vacht*,  
There's courage yet and truth,  
Says the *Shan Van Vacht*,  
There's a God above us all,  
And whatever may beset,  
No invader shall enthrall,  
Says the *Shan Van Vacht*.

## THE GATHERING OF THE NATION.

BY J. D. FRAZER.

## I.

Those scalding tears—those scalding tears  
Too long have fallen in vain—  
Up with the banners and the spears,  
And let the gathered grief of years  
Show sterner stuff than rain.  
The lightning, in that stormy hour  
When forth defiance rolls,  
Shall flash to scathe the Saxon pow'r,  
But melt the links our long, long show'r  
Had rusted round our souls.

## II.

To bear the wrongs we can redress  
To make *a thing of time*—  
The tyranny we can repress—  
*Eternal* by our dastardness !  
Were crime—or worse than crime.  
And we, whose *best*—and *worst* was shame,  
From first to last alike,  
May take, at length, a loftier aim,  
And struggle, since it is the same  
To *suffer*—or to *strike*.

## III.

What hatred of perverted might  
The cruel hand inspires,  
That robs the linnet's eye of sight,  
To make it sing both day and night !  
Yet thus they robb'd our sires,

By blotting out the ancient lore,  
 Where every loss was shown.—  
 Up with the flag! we stand before  
 The Saxons of the days of yore,  
 In Saxons of our own.

## IV.

Denial met our just demands !  
 And hatred met our love !  
 Till now, by Heaven ! for grasp of hands,  
 We'll give them clash of battle-brands,  
 And gauntlet 'stead of glove.  
 And may the Saxon stamp his heel  
 Upon the coward's front,  
 Who sheathes his own unbroken steel,  
 Until for mercy tyrants kneel,  
 Who forced us to the brunt !

## THE GERALDINES.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

## I.

THE Geraldines ! the Geraldines !—'tis full a thousand years  
 Since, 'mid the Tuscan vineyards, bright flashed their battle-  
 spears ;  
 When Capet seized the crown of France, their iron shields  
 were known,  
 And their sabre-dint struck terror on the banks of the Garonne :

Across the downs of Hastings they spurred hard by William's side,  
And the gray sands of Palestine with Moslem blood they dyed;  
But never then, nor thence till now, have falsehood or disgrace  
Been seen to soil Fitzgerald's plume, or mantle in his face.

## II.

The Geraldines! the Geraldines!—'tis true, in Strongbow's van,  
By lawless force, as conquerors, their Irish reign began;  
And, oh! through many a dark campaign they proved their prowess stern,  
In Leinster's plains, and Munster's vales, on king, and chief,  
and kerne:  
But noble was the cheer within the halls so rudely won,  
and gen'rous was the steel-gloved hand that had such slaughter done;  
How gay their laugh, how proud their mien, you'd ask no herald's sign—  
Among a thousand you had known the princely Geraldine.

## III.

These Geraldines! these Geraldines!—not long our air they breathed;  
Not long they fed on venison, in Irish water seethed;  
Not often had their children been by Irish mothers nursed,  
When from their full and genial hearts an Irish feeling burst!  
The English monarchs strove in vain, by law, and force, and bribe,  
To win from Irish thoughts and ways this "more than Irish" tribe;  
For still they clung to fosterage, to *breitheamh*, cloak and bard:  
What king dare say to Geraldine, "your Irish wife discard?"

## IV.

Ye Geraldines! ye Geraldines!—how royally you reigned  
 O'er Desmond broad, and rich Kildare, and English arts dis-  
 dained:  
 Your sword made knights, your banner waved, free was your  
 bugle call  
 By Gleann's\* green slopes, and Daingean's† tide, from Bear-  
 bha's‡ banks to Eochaill.§  
 What gorgeous shrines, what *breitheamh*|| lore, what minstrel-  
 feasts there were  
 In and around Magh Nuadhaid's¶ keep, and palace-filled  
 Adare!  
 But not for rite or feast ye stayed, when friend or kin were  
 pressed;  
 And foemen fled, when "Crom abu"\*\* bespoke your lance in  
 rest.

## V.

Ye Geraldines! ye Geraldines!—since Sliken Thomas flung  
 King Henry's sword on council board, the English thanes  
 among.

Ye never ceased to battle brave against the English sway,  
 Though axe and brand and treachery your proudest cut away.  
 Of Desmond's blood, through woman's veins passed on th' ex-  
 hausted tide;  
 His title lives—a Sassenach churl usurps the lion's hide:  
 And, though Kildare tower haughtily, there's ruin at the root,  
 Else why, since Edward fell to earth, had such a tree no fruit?

\* *Angl.* Glynn.      † *Angl.* Dingle.      ‡ *Angl.* Barrow.

§ *Angl.* Younghal.      || *Angl.* Brehon.      ¶ *Angl.* Maynooth

\*\* Formerly the war cry of the Geraldines; and now their motto

## VI.

True Geraldines ! brave Geraldines !—as torrents mould the earth,  
 You channelled deep old Ireland's heart by constancy and worth :  
 When Ginckle leaguered Limerick, the Irish soldiers gazed  
 To see if in the setting sun dead Desmond's banner blazed !  
 And still it is the peasants' hope upon the Cuirreach's\* mere,  
 "They live, who'll see ten thousand men with good Lord Edward here"—  
 So let them dream till brighter days, when, not by Edward's shade,  
 But by some leader true as he, their lines shall be arrayed !

## VII.

These Geraldines ! these Geraldines !—rain wears away the rock,  
 And time may wear away the tribe that stood the battle's shock,  
 But, ever, sure, while one is left of all that honoured race,  
 In front of Ireland's chivalry is that Fitzgerald's place :  
 And, though the last were dead and gone, how many a field and town,  
 From Thomas Court to Abbeyfeile, would cherish their renown,  
 And men will say of valour's rise, or ancient powers decline,  
 ' 'Twill never soar, it never shone, as did the Geraldine."

## VIII.

The Geraldines ! the Geraldines !—and are there any fears  
 Within the sons of conquerors for full a thousand years ?  
 Can treason spring from out a soil bedewed with martyr's blood ?  
 Or has that grown a purling brook, which long rushed down  
 a flood ?—

\* *Angl. Curragh*

By Desmond swept with sword and fire,—by clan and keep  
laid low,—  
By Silken Thomas and his kin,—by sainted Edward ! No !  
The forms of centuries rise up, and in the Irish line  
COMMAND THEIR SON TO TAKE THE POST THAT FITS THE  
GERALDINE !\*

## HYMN OF FREEDOM.

BY M. J. BARRY,

## I.

GOD of Peace ! before thee,  
Peaceful, here we kneel,  
Humbly to implore thee  
For a nation's weal ;  
Calm her sons' dissensions,  
Bid their discord cease,  
End their mad contentions—  
Hear us, God of Peace !

## II.

God of Love ! low bending  
To thy throne we turn—  
Let thy rays descending  
Through our island burn ;  
Let no strife divide us,  
But, from Heaven above,  
Look on us and guide us—  
Hear us, God of Love !

\* The concluding stanza, now first published, was found among the author's papers.—ED.

## III.

God of Battles! aid us;  
Let no despot's might  
Trample or degrade us,  
Seeking this our right!  
Arm us for the danger;  
Keep all craven fear  
To our breasts a stranger—  
God of Battles! hear.

## IV.

God of Right! preserve us  
Just—as we are strong;  
Let no passion swerve us  
To one act of wrong—  
Let no thought, unholy,  
Come our cause to blight—  
Thus we pray thee, lowly—  
Hear us, God of Right!

## V.

God of Vengeance! smite us  
With thy shaft sublime,  
If one bond unite us  
Forged in fraud or crime!  
But, if humbly kneeling,  
We implore thine ear,  
For our rights appealing—  
God of Nations! hear.

## THE UNION.

## I.

How did they pass the Union ?  
 By perjury and fraud ;  
 By slaves who sold their land for gold,  
 As Judas sold his God :  
 By all the savage acts that yet  
 Have followed England's track :  
 The pitchcap and the bayonet,  
 The gibbet and the rack.  
 And thus was passed the Union,  
 By Pitt and Castlereagh ;  
 Could Satan send for such an end  
 More worthy tools than they ?

## II.

How thrive we by the Union ?  
 Look round our native land :  
 In ruined trade and wealth decayed  
 See slavery's surest brand ;  
 Our glory as a nation gone—  
 Our substance drained away—  
 A wretched province trampled on,  
 Is all we've left to-day.  
 Then curse with me the Union,  
 That joggle foul and base,  
 The baneful root that bore such fruit  
 Of ruin and disgrace.

## III.

And shall it last, this Union,  
 To grind and waste us so ?  
 O'er hill and lea, from sea to sea,  
 All Ireland thunder, No !

Eight million necks are stiff to bow—  
 We know our might as men—  
 We conquered once before, and now  
 We'll conquer once again ;  
 And rend the cursed Union,  
 And fling it to the wind—  
 And Ireland's laws in Ireland's cause  
 Alone our hearts shall bind !

SLIABH CUILLINN.

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### THE PEASANT GIRLS.

I.

THE Peasant Girl of merry France,  
 Beneath her trellis'd vine,  
 Watches the signal for the dance—  
 The broad, red sun's decline.  
 'Tis there—and forth she flies with glee  
 To join the circling band,  
 Whilst mirthful sounds of minstrelsy  
 Are heard throughout the land.

II.

And fair Italia's Peasant Girl,  
 The Arno's banks beside,  
 With myrtle flowers that shine like pearls,  
 Will braid at eventide  
 Her raven locks ; and to the sky,  
 With eyes of liquid light,  
 Look up and bid her lyre outshine—  
 " Was ever land so bright ? "

## III.

The Peasant Girl of England, see  
 With lip of rosy dye,  
 Beneath her sheltering cottage tree,  
 Smile on each passer by.  
 She looks on fields of yellow grain,  
 Inhales the bean-flower's scent,  
 And seems, amid the fertile plain,  
 An image of content.

## IV.

The Peasant Girl of Scotland goes  
 Across her Highland hill,  
 With cheek that emulates the rose,  
 And voice the skylark's thrill.  
 Her tartan plaid she folds around,  
 A many-coloured vest—  
 Type of what varied joys have found  
 A home in her kind breast.

## V.

The Peasant Girl of Ireland, she  
 Has left her cabin home,  
 Bearing white wreaths—what can it be  
 Invites her thus to roam?  
 Her eye has not the joyous ray  
 Should to her years belong;  
 And, as she wends her languid way,  
 She carols no sweet song.

## VI.

Oh! soon upon the step and glance  
 Grief does the work of age;  
 And it has been her hapless chance  
 To open that dark page.

The happy harvest home was o'er,  
 The fierce tithe-gatherer came;  
 And her young lover, in his gore,  
 Fell by a murderous aim!

## VIL

Then, well may youth's bright glance be gone  
 For ever from that eye,  
 And soon will sisters weep upon  
 The grave that she kneels by;  
 And well may prouder hearts than those,  
 That there place garlands, say—  
 'Have Ireland's peasant girls such woes?—  
 When will they pass away?"

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## THE BATTLE EVE OF THE BRIGADE.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

AIR—“Contented I am.”

## I.

This mess-tent is full, and the glasses are set,  
 And the gallant Count Thomond is president yet;  
 The vet'ran arose, like an uplifted lance,  
 Crying—“Comrades, a health to the monarch of France!”  
 With bumpers and cheers they have done as he bade,  
 For King Louis is lov'd by The Irish Brigade.

## II.

“A health to King James,” and they beat as they quaff'd,  
 “Here's to George the Elector,” and fiercely they laugh'd,

"Good luck to the girls we woo'd long ago,  
Where Sionainn,\* and Bearbha,† and Albain-dubh‡ flow ;"  
God prosper Old Ireland," you'd think them afraid,  
So pale grew the chiefs of The Irish Brigade.

## III.

"But, surely, that light cannot come from our lamp ?  
And that noise—are they *all* getting drunk in the camp ?"  
'Hurrah ! boys, the morning of battle is come,  
And the *generale's* beating on many a drum."  
So they rush from the revel to join the parade ;  
For the van is the right of The Irish Brigade.

## IV.

They fought as they revell'd, fast, fiery, and true,  
And, though victors, they left on the field not a few ;  
And they, who surviv'd, fought and drank as of yore,  
But the land of their heart's hope they never saw more,  
For in far foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,  
Lie the soldiers and chiefs of The Irish Brigade.

## THE SONGS OF THE NATION.

BY EDWARD WALSH.

## I.

YE songs that resound in the homes of our island —  
That wake the wild echoes by valley and highland—  
That kindle the cold with their forefather's story—  
That point to the ardent the pathway of glory !—

\* Shannon.

\* Barrow.

\* Avondhu or Black-water.

Ye send to the banished,  
O'er ocean's far wave,  
The hope that had vanish'd,  
The vow of the brave;  
And teach each proud despot of loftiest station,  
To pale at your spell-word. sweet Songs of THE NATION!

11

Sweet songs! ye reveal, through the vista of ages,  
Our monarchs and heroes—our minstrels and sages—  
The splendour of Farnhain\*—the glories of Teamhair,†  
When Erin was free from the Saxon defamer—

The green banner flying—  
The rush of the Gael—  
The Sassanach dying—  
His matron's wild, wild

These glories forgotten, with magic creation  
Burst bright at your spell-word, sweet songs of THE NATION!

III

The minstrels who waken these wild notes of freedom,  
Have hands for green Erin—if Erin should need 'em;  
And hearts for the wrong'd one wherever he ranges,  
From Zebul to China—from Sianain<sup>†</sup> to Ganges—

And hate for his foeman,  
All hatred above—  
And love for dear woman,  
The tenderest love—

But chiefest the fair ones whose eyes' animation  
Is the spell that inspires the sweet songs of THE NATION!

\* The palace of the Ulster Kings, near Armagh, Latinised Emanus.

Tara

† Shannon.

## THE DAY-DREAMER.

BY CHS. GAVAN DUFFY, M.P.

## I.

WHAT joy was mine in the gallant time,  
 When I was an Outlaw bold !  
 Girt with my clan in the glades of Truagh ;  
 Or shut in my castle-hold  
 In solemn Feis,\* with the Brehons gray,  
 And the stalwart Chiefs of old.

## II.

How many a trancéd hour I sat  
 At the feet of the Soldier-Saint ;†  
 Or drank high hopes from our dauntless Hugh  
 That cordial the hearts of the faint ;  
 Or wove bold plots with untiring Tone,  
 To blot out the Isle's attaint.

## III.

What deeds we vowed to the dear old land !  
 What solemn words we spoke ;  
 How never we'd cease or sleep in peace  
 'Till we shattered the Stranger's yoke ;  
 And not with a storm of windy words,  
 But many a soldier stroke.

## IV.

We'd knotted whips for the Saxon churls,  
 And steel for the Norman peers,  
 And a gallows high for the pampered priests  
 Who were drunk with the peasants' tears --  
 And the Towers grim where the Robbers laired,  
 We dashed them about their ears !

\* Feis, the public council of the ancient Irish. † St. Lorcan O'Turnell

## V.

We lifted the buried harp anew,  
 With its guardian spear and skeane,†  
 And forth we sent to the listening land,  
 Full many a mystic strain,  
 Which scattered the slavish fear away  
 That hung on its breast like a chain.

## VI.

The torrent's voice in the slumb'ring night  
 Is tame to the words we speake,—  
 The tempest words in whose fiery breath  
 The thrones and dominions shake ;  
 Till lo ! from their sleep the people rose,  
 And their chains like a reed they brake.

## VII.

It stirs me still, that solemn sight  
 Of the proud old land made free ;  
 Our flag afloat from her castles tall,  
 And the ships on the circling sea—  
 And the joyful voice, like a roll of drums,  
 Of the Nation's jubilee !

## A BALLAD OF FREEDOM.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

## I.

The Frenchman sailed in Freedom's name to smite the Algernine,  
 The strife was short, the crescent sunk, and then his guile  
 was seen,

† Skeane, properly *Skian*, the dagger of the Irish.

For, nestling in the pirate's hold—a fiercer pirate far—  
He bade the tribes yield up their flocks, the towns their gates  
unbar.

Right on he press'd with freemen's hands to subjugate the  
free,

The Berber in old Atlas glens, the Moor in Titteri;  
And wider had his *razzias* spread, his cruel conquests broader  
But God sent down to face his frown, the gallant *Abdel-*  
*Kader*—

The faithful *Abdel-Kader*! unconquered *Abdel-Kader*!

Like falling rock,  
Or fierce siroc—  
No savage or marauder—  
Son of a slave!  
First of the brave!  
Hurrah for *Abdel-Kader*!\*

## II.

The Englishman, for long long years, had ravaged Ganges' side—

A dealer first, intriguer next, he conquered far and wide,  
Till, hurried on by avarice, and thirst of endless rule,  
His sepoys pierced to Candahar, his flag waved in Cabul;  
But still within the conquered land, was one unconquered man,  
The fierce Pushtani† lion, the fiery Akhbar Khan—  
He slew the sepoys on the snow, till Sindh's‡ full flood they  
swam it

Right rapidly, content to flee the son of Dost Mohammed,

\* This name is pronounced Cawder. The French say that their great foe was a slave's son. Be it so—he has a hero's and freeman's heart. "Hurrah for *Abdel-Kader*!"

† This is the name by which the Afghans call themselves. Afghani is a Persian name (see Elphinstone's delightful book on Cabul.) Note, too, that in most of their words *a* sounds *aw*, *u* sounds *oo*, and *é* sounds *ee*.

‡ The real name of the Indus, which is a Latinised word.

The son of Dost Mohammed, and brave old Dost Mohammed—

Oh ! long may they  
Their mountains sway,  
Akhbar and Dost Mohammed !  
Long live the Dost !  
Who Britain crost,  
Hurrah for Dost Mohammed !

III.

The Russian, lord of million serfs, and nobles serfier still,  
Indignant saw Circassia's sons bear up against his will ;  
With fiery ships he lines their coast, his armies cross their  
streams ;  
He builds a hundred fortresses—his conquest done, he deems.  
But, steady rifles—rushing steeds—a crowd of nameless chiefs,  
The plough is o'er his arsenals !—his fleet is on the reefs !  
The maidens of Kabyntica are clad in Moscow dresses—  
His slavish herd, how dared they beard the mountain-bred  
Cherkesses !

The lightening Cherkesses !—the thundering Cherkesses !

May Elburz top  
In Azof drop,  
Ere Cossacks beat Cherkesses !  
The fountain head  
Whence Europe spread—  
Hurrah for the tall Cherkesses !\*

IV.

But Russia preys on Poland's fields, where Sobieski reigned ;  
And Austria on Italy—the Roman eagle chained—

\* Cherkesses or Abdyes is the right name of the so-called, Circassians. Kabyntica is a town in the heart of the Caucasus, of which Mount Elburz is the summit. Blumenbach, and other physiologists, assert that the finer European races descend from a Circassian stock.

Bohemia, Servia, Hungary, within her clutches, gasp ;  
 And Ireland struggles gallantly in England's loosening grasp.  
 Oh ! would all these their strength unite, or battle on alone,  
 Like Moor, Pushtani, and Cherkess, they soon would have  
 their own.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! it can't be far, when from the Scindh to  
 Sionainn\* Shall gleam a line of freemen's flags begirt by freemen's can-

non !

The coming day of Freedom—the flashing flags of Freedom !

The victor glaive—  
 The mottoes brave,  
 May we be there to read them !  
 That glorious noon,  
 God send it soon—  
 Hurrah ! for human Freedom !

“CEASE TO DO EVIL—LEARN TO DO WELL.”

—*Inscription on O'Connell's Prison.*

BY D. F. M CARTHY.

OH ! thou whom sacred duty hither calls,  
 Some glorious hours in freedom's cause to dwell,  
 Read the mute lesson on thy prison walls—  
 “Cease to do evil—learn to do well !”

I.

If haply thou art one of genius vast,  
 Of generous heart, of mind sublime and grand,  
 Who all the spring-time of thy life has pass'd  
 Battling with tyrants for thy native land—

\* Shannon.

If thou hast spent thy summer as thy prime,  
 The serpent brood of bigotry to quell,  
 Repent, repent thee of thy hideous crime—  
 “Cease to do evil—learn to do well!”.

## II.

If thy great heart beat warmly in the cause  
 Of outraged man, whate'er his race might be—  
 If thou hast preached the Christian's equal laws,  
 And stayed the lash beyond the Indian sea—  
 If at thy call a nation rose sublime—  
 If at thy voice seven million fetters fell,  
 Repent, repent thee of thy hideous crime—  
 “Cease to do evil—learn to do well!”

## III.

If thou hast seen thy country's quick decay,  
 And, like a prophet, raised thy saving hand,  
 And pointed out the only certain way  
 To stop the plague that ravaged o'er the land!—  
 If thou hast summoned from an alien clime  
 Her banished senate here at home to dwell,  
 Repent, repent thee of thy hideous crime—  
 “Cease to do evil—learn to do well!”

## IV.

Or if, perchance, a younger man thou art,  
 Whose ardent soul in throbings doth aspire,  
 Come weal come woe, to play the patriot's part  
 In the bright footsteps of thy glorious sire!  
 If all the pleasures of life's youthful time  
 Thou hast abandoned for the martyr's call,  
 Do thou repent thee of thy hideous crime—  
 “Cease to do evil—learn to do well!”

## V.

Or art thou one whom early science led  
 To walk with Newton through the immensity of Heaven ;  
 Who soared with Milton, and with Mina bled,  
 And all thou hadst in Freedom's cause hath given !  
 Oh ! fond enthusiast—in the after time  
 Our children's children of your worth shall tell—  
 England proclaims thy honesty a crime—  
 "Cease to do evil—learn to do well!"

## VI.

Or art thou one whose strong and fearless pen  
 Roused the Young Isle, and bade it dry its tears,  
 And gathered round thee, ardent, gifted men,  
 The hope of Ireland in the coming years ;  
 Who dares in prose and heart-awakening rhyme  
 Bright hopes to breathe, and bitter truths to tell !  
 Oh ! dangerous criminal, repent thy crime—  
 "Cease to do evil—learn to do well!"

## VII.

"Cease to do evil"—ay ! ye madmen, cease !  
 Cease to love Ireland—cease to serve her well ;  
 Make with her foes a foul and fatal peace,  
 And quick will ope your darkest, dearest cell.  
 "Learn to do well"—ay ! learn to betray—  
 Learn to revile the land in which you dwell—  
 England will bless you on your altered way—  
 "Cease to do evil—learn to do well!"

*Third Week of O'Connell's Imprisonment.*

## THE SWORD.

BY M. J. BARRY.

## I.

WHAT rights the brave?  
 The sword !  
 What frees the slave?  
 The sword !  
 What cleaves in twain  
 The Despot's chain,  
 And makes his gyves and dungeons vain  
 The sword !

## CHORUS.

Then cease thy proud task never,  
 While rests a link to sever,  
 Guard of the free,  
 We'll cherish thee,  
 And keep thee bright for ever !

## II.

What checks the knave?  
 The sword !  
 What smites to save?  
 The sword !  
 What wreaks the wrong  
 Unpunished long;  
 At last, upon the guilty strong?  
 The sword !

## CHORUS.

Then cease thy proud task never, &c.

## III.

What shelters right ?  
The sword !  
What makes it might ?  
The sword !  
What strikes the crown  
Of tyrants down,  
And answers with its flash their frown !  
The sword !

## CHORUS.

Then cease thy proud task never, &c.

## IV.

Still be thou true,  
Good sword !  
We'll die or do,  
Good sword !  
Leap forth to light  
If tyrants smite,  
And trust our arms to wield thee right,  
Good sword !

## CHORUS.

Yes ! cease thy proud task never  
While rests a link to sever,  
Guard of the free,  
We'll cherish thee,  
And keep thee bright for ever !

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## A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.

BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

## I.

I DREAMT a dream, a dazzling dream, of a green isle far away,  
Where the glowing west to the ocean's breast calleth the dying  
day;  
And that island green was as fair a scene as ever man's eye did  
see,  
With its chieftains bold, and its temples old, and its homes  
and its altars free!  
No foreign foe did that green isle know—no stranger band it  
bore,  
Save the merchant train from sunny Spain, and from Afric's  
golden shore!  
And the young man's heart would fondly start, and the old  
man's eye would smile,  
As their thoughts would roam o'er the ocean foam to that  
lone and "holy isle!"

## II.

Years passed by, and the orient sky blazed with a new-born  
light,  
And Bethlehem's star shone bright afar o'er the lost world  
darksome night;  
And the diamond shrines from plundered mines, and the gol  
den fanes of Jove,  
Melted away in the blaze of day at the simple spell-word—  
Love!  
The light serene o'er that island green played with its saving  
beams,  
And the fires of Baal waxed dim and pale like the stars i  
the morning streams!

And 'twas joy to hear, in the bright air clear, from out each sunny glade,  
The tinkling bell, from the quiet cell, or the cloister's tranquil shade!

## III.

A cloud of night o'er that dream so bright soon with its dark wing came,  
And the happy scene of that island green was lost in blood and shame;  
For its kings unjust betrayed their trust, and its queens, though fair, were frail—  
And a robber band, from a stranger land, with their war-whoops filled the gale;  
A fatal spell on that green isle fell—a shadow of death and gloom  
Passed withering o'er, from shore to shore, like the breath of the foul simoom;  
And each green hill's side was crimson dyed, and each stream rolled red and wild,  
With the mingled blood of the brave and good—of mother, and maid, and child!

## IV.

Dark was my dream, though many a gleam of hope through that black night broke,  
Like a star's bright form through a whistling storm, or the moon through a midnight oak!  
And many a time, with its wings sublime, and its robes of saffron light,  
Would the morning rise on the eastern skies, but to vanish again in night!

For, in abject prayer, the people there still raised their fettered hands,  
When the sense of right and the power to smite are the spirit that commands;  
For those who would sneer at the mourner's tear, and heed not the suppliant's sigh,  
Would bow in awe to that first great law—a banded nation's cry!

## v.

At length arose o'er that isle of woes a dawn with a steadier smile,  
And in happy hour a voice of power awoke the slumbering Isle!  
And the people all obeyed the call of their chief's unsceptred hand,  
Vowing to raise, as in ancient days, the name of their own dear land!  
My dream grew bright as the sunbeam's light, as I watched that Isle's career  
Through the varied scene and the joys serene of many a future year—  
And, oh! what thrill did my bosom fill, as I gazed on a pillar'd pile,  
Where a senate once more in power watched o'er the rights of that lone green Isle!

## THE EXTERMINATOR'S SONG.

BY JOHN CORNELIUS O'CALLAGHAN.

AIR—“*Tis I am the Gipsy King.*”

## I.

“Tis I am the poor man's scourge,  
 And where is the scourge like me?  
 My land, from all Papists I purge,  
 Who think that their votes should be free—  
 Who think that their votes should be free!  
 For huts only fitted for brutes,  
 My agent the last penny wrings;  
 And my serfs live on water and roots,  
 While I feast on the best of good things!  
 For I am the poor man's scourge!  
 For I am the poor man's scourge!

*Chorus of the Editors of the Nation)*

Yes *you* are the poor man's scourge!  
 But of *such* the whole island we'll purge!

## II.

A despot, and strong one, am I,  
 Since a Drummond no longer is here,  
 To my “duties” to point ev'ry eye,  
 Though of “rights” I wish only to hear—  
 Though of “rights” I wish only to hear!  
 If conspiracies I apprehend,  
 To throw off my rack-renting rule,  
 For a “Special Commission” I send  
 To my friends of the old Tory school  
 For I am the poor man's scourge!  
 For I am the poor man's scourge!

(*Chorus of the Editors of the Nation*)

Yes, *you* are the poor man's scourge !  
But of *such* the whole island we'll purge !

## III.

I prove to the world I'm a man,  
In a way very pleasant to show ;  
I corrupt all the tenants I can,  
And of children I have a long row—  
And of children I have a long row !  
My cottiers must all cringe to me,  
Nor grudge me the prettiest lass ;  
Or they know very well that they'll see  
Their hovels as flat as the grass !  
For I am the poor man's scourge !  
For I am the poor man's scourge !

(*Chorus of the Editors of the Nation*)

Yes, *you* are the poor man's scourge !  
But of *such* the whole island we'll purge !

## IV.

If a Connor my right should deny,  
To "do what I like with my own !"   
For the rascal I've soon a reply,  
Into gaol for "sedition" he's thrown—  
Into gaol for "sedition" he's thrown !  
The Tariff is bringing rents down—  
Yet more cash from the farmer I'll squeeze :  
And, for fear of being shot, come to town  
To drink, game, and intrigue at my ease.  
For I am the poor man's scourge !  
For I am the poor man's scourge !

(*Chorus of the Editors of the Nation*)

Yes, *you* are the poor man's scourge !  
But of *such* the whole island we'll purge !

## ANNIE DEAR.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

## I.

OUR mountain brooks were rushing,  
Annie, dear,  
The Autumn eve was flushing,  
Annie, dear ;  
But brighter was your blushing,  
When first, your murmurs hushing,  
I told my love outgushing,  
Annie, dear.

## II.

AH ! but our hopes were splendid,  
Annie, dear,  
How sadly they have ended,  
Annie, dear ;  
The ring betwixt us broken,  
When our vows of love were spoken,  
Of your poor heart was a token,  
Annie, dear.

## III.

The primrose flow'rs were shining,  
Annie, dear,  
When on my breast reclining,  
Annie, dear,  
Began our Mi-na-Meala,  
And many a month did follow  
Of joy—but life is hollow,  
Annie, dear.

## IV.

For once, when home returning,  
 Annie, dear,  
 I found our cottage burning,  
 Annie, dear;  
 Around it were the yeomen,  
 Of every ill an omen,  
 The country's bitter foemen,  
 Annie, dear.

## V.

But why arose a morrow,  
 Annie, dear,  
 Upon that night of sorrow,  
 Annie, dear?  
 Far better, by thee lying,  
 Their bayonets defying,  
 Than live an exile sighing,  
 Annie, dear.

## A NEW YEAR'S SONG

## I.

My countrymen, awake! arise!  
 Our work begins anew,  
 Your mingled voices rend the sky;  
 Your hearts are firm and true;  
 You've bravely marched, and nobly met,  
 Our little green isle through;  
 But, oh! my friends, there's something yet  
 For Irishmen to do!

## II.

As long as Erin hears the clink  
 Of base ignoble chains—  
 As long as one detested link  
 Of foreign rule remains—  
 As long as of our rightful debt  
 One smallest fraction's due,  
 So long, my friends, there's something yet  
 For Irishmen to do !

## III.

Too long we've borne the servile yoke—  
 Too long the slavish chain—  
 Too long in feeble accents spoke,  
 And ever spoke in vain—  
 Our wealth has filled the spoiler's net,  
 And gorg'd the Saxon crew;  
 But, oh ! my friends, we'll teach them yet  
 What Irishmen can do !

## IV.

The olive branch is in our hands,  
 The white flag floats above ;  
 Peace—peace pervades our myriad bands,  
 And proud forgiving love !  
 But, oh ! let not our foes forget  
 We're *men* as Christians, too,  
 Prepared to do for Ireland yet  
 What Irishmen should do !

## V.

There's not a man of all our land  
 Our country now can spare,  
 The strong man with his sinewy hand,  
 The weak man with his prayer !

No whining tone of mere regret,  
 Young Irish bards, for you ;  
 But let your songs teach Ireland yet  
 What Irishmen should do !

## VI.

And whereso'er that duty lead,  
 There—there your post should be ;  
 The coward slave is never freed ;  
 The brave alone are free !  
 Oh ! Freedom, firmly fixed are set  
 Our longing eyes on you ;  
 And though we die for Ireland yet,  
 So Irishmen should do !

## OH ! FOR A STEED.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

## I.

Oh ! for a steed, a rushing steed, and a blazing scimitar,  
 To hunt from beauteous Italy the Austrian's red hussar ;  
 To mock their boasts,  
 And strew their hosts,  
 And scatter their flags afar.

## II.

Oh ! for a steed, a rushing steed, and dear Poland gather'd  
 around,  
 To smite her circle of savage foes, and smash them upon the  
 ground ;  
 Nor hold my hand  
 While, on the land,  
 A foreigner foe was found.

## III.

Oh ! for steed, a rushing steed, and a rifle that never failed,  
 And a tribe of terrible prairie men, by desperate valour mailed,  
 Till "stripes and stars,"  
 And Russian czars,  
 Before the Red Indian quailed.

## IV.

Oh ! for a steed, a rushing steed, on the plains of Hindostan,  
 And a hundred thousand cavaliers, to charge like a single man,  
 Till our shirts were red,  
 And the English fled  
 Like a cowardly caravan.

## V.

Oh ! for a steed, a rushing steed, with the Greeks at Marathon,  
 Or a place in the Switzer phalanx, when the Morat men  
 swept on,  
 Like a pine-clad hill  
 By an earthquake's will  
 Hurl'd the valleys upon.

## VI.

Oh ! for a steed, a rushing steed, when Brian smote down the  
 Dane,  
 Or a place beside great Aodh O'Neill, when Bagenal the bold  
 was slain,  
 Or a waving crest  
 And a lance in rest,  
 With Bruce upon Bannoch plain.

## VII.

Oh ! for steed, a rushing steed, on the Currach of Cilldar,  
 And Irish squadrons skilled to do, as they are ready to dare—

A hundred yards,  
And England's guards  
Drawn up to engage me there.

## VIII.

Oh ! for a steed, a rushing steed, and any good cause at all,  
Or else, if you will, a field ou foot, or guarding a leaguered wall  
For Freedom's right ;  
In flushing fight  
To conquer if then to fall.

## THE VOICE AND PEN.

BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

## I.

OH ! the orator's voice is a mighty power  
As it echoes from shore to shore—  
And the fearless pen has more sway o'er men  
Than the murderous cannon's roar.  
What burst the chain far o'er the main,  
And brightens the captive's den ?  
'Tis the fearless voice and the pen of power—  
Hurrah ! for the Voice and Pen !  
Hurrah !  
Hurrah ! for the Voice and Pen !

## II.

The tyrant knaves who deny our rights,  
And the cowards who blanch with fear,  
Exclaim with glee, "no arms have ye—  
Nor cannon, nor sword, nor spear !

III.

IV.

## V.

Oh ! these are the swords with which we fight,  
 The arms in which we trust ;  
 Which no tyrant hand will dare to brand,  
 Which time cannot dim or rust !  
 When these we bore, we triumphed before,  
 With these we'll triumph again—  
 And the world will say, "no power can stay  
 The Voice and the fearless Pen!"  
 Hurrah !  
 Hurrah ! for the Voice and Pen !

## UP FOR THE GREEN !

A SONG OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN.

A.D. 1796.

AIR—"The Wearing of the Green."

## I.

'Tis the green—oh, the green is the colour of the true,  
 And we'll back it 'gainst the orange, and we'll raise it o'er the  
 blue !  
 For the colour of our Fatherland alone should here be seen—  
 'Tis the colour of the martyr'd dead—our own immortal green  
 Then up for the green, boys, and up for the green !  
 Oh, 'tis down to the dust, and a shame to be seen ;  
 But we've hands—oh, we've hands, boys, full strong  
 enough, I ween,  
 To rescue and to raise again our own immortal green !

## II.

They may say they have power 'tis vain to oppose—  
 'Tis better to obey and live, than surely die as foes ;  
 But we scorn all their threats, boys, whatever they may mean ;  
 For we trust in God above us, and we dearly love the green.

So we'll up for the green, and we'll up for the green !  
 Oh, to *die* is far better than be curst as we have been ;  
 And we've hearts—oh, we've hearts, boys, full strong  
 enough, I ween,  
 To rescue and to raise again our own immortal green !

## III.

They may swear as they often did, our wretchedness to cure ;  
 But we'll never trust John Bull again, nor let his lies allure.  
 No, we won't—no, we won't, Bull, for now nor ever more !  
 For we've hopes on the ocean, and we've trust on the shore.

Then up for the green, boys, and up for the green !  
 Shout it back to the Sassenach, “ We'll *never* sell the  
 green !  
 For our TONE is coming back, and with men enough, I  
 ween,  
 To rescue, and avenge us and our own immortal green.

## IV.

Oh, remember the days when their reign we did disturb,  
 At *Luinneach*\* and *Durlas*†—Blackwater and *Beinnbhorb* ;‡  
 And ask this proud Saxon if our blows he did enjoy,  
 When we met him on the battle-field, of France—at Fontenoy.

Then we'll up for the green, boys, and up for the green !  
 Oh ! 'tis still in the dust, and a shame to be seen ;  
 But we've hearts and we've hands, boys, full strong  
 enough, I ween,  
 To rescue and to raise again our own unsullied green !

FERMOY.

• Limerick.

† Mispeled Thurles.

‡ Benburb.

## MY LAND.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

## I.

SHE is a rich and rare land;  
Oh ! she's a fresh and fair land;  
She is a dear and rare land—  
This native land of mine.

## II.

No men than hers are braver—  
Her women's hearts ne'er waver;  
I'd freely die to save her,  
And think my lot divine.

## III.

She's not a dull or cold land;  
No ! she's a warm and bold land;  
Oh ! she's a true and old land—  
This native land of mine.

## IV.

Could beauty ever guard her,  
And virtue still reward her,  
No foe would cross her border—  
No friend within it pine !

## V.

Oh, she's a fresh and fair land;  
Oh, she's a true and rare land !  
Yes, she's a rare and fair land—  
This native land of mine.

## THE BOATMAN OF KINSALE.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

AIR—"The Cota Caol."

His kiss is sweet, his word is kind,  
 His love is rich to me;  
 I could not in a palace find  
 A truer heart than he.  
 The eagle shelters not his nest  
 From hurricane and hail,  
 More bravely than he guards my breast—  
 The Boatman of Kinsale.

The wind that round the Fastnet sweeps  
 Is not a whit more pure—  
 The goat that down Cnoc Sheehy leaps  
 Has not a foot more sure.  
 No firmer hand nor freer eye  
 E'er faced an Autumn gale—  
 De Courcy's heart is not so high—  
 The Boatman of Kinsale

The brawling squires may heed him not.  
 The dainty stranger sneer—  
 But who will dare to hurt our cot,  
 When Myles O'Hea is here?  
 The scarlet soldiers pass along—  
 They'd like, but fear to rail—  
 His blood is hot, his blow is strong—  
 The Boatman of Kinsale.

His hooker's in the Scilly van,  
 When seines are in the foam;  
 But money never made the man,  
 Nor wealth a happy home.

So, blest with love and liberty,  
 While he can trim a sail,  
 He'll trust in God, and cling to me—  
 The Boatman of Kinsale.

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## LAMENT FOR THE MILESIANS.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

## I.

OH ! proud were the chieftains of proud Innis-Fail,  
 A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !\*  
 The stars of our sky and the salt of our soil,  
 A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh :  
 Their hearts were as soft as a child in the lap,  
 Yet they were "the men in the gap"—  
 And now that the cold clay their limbs doth enwrap,  
 A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !

## II.

'Gainst England, long battling, at length they went down,  
 A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !  
 But they've left their deep tracks on the road of renown,  
 A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !  
 We are heirs of their fame, if we're not of their race,  
 And deadly and deep our disgrace,  
 If we live o'er their sepulchres, abject and base,  
 A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !

\* *A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh.* "That is pity, without heir in their company," i.e. What a pity that there is no heir of their company. See the poem of Giolla Iosa Mor Mac Firbisigh in *The Genealogies, Tribes, and Customs of the *Uí Fiachrach* or, O'Lubhda's Country*, printed for the Irish Arch. Soc. p. 230, line 2, and note d. *Reilly's Dict. voc. farradh.*

## III.

Oh sweet were the minstrels of kind Innis-Fail !  
 A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !  
 Whose music, nor ages nor sorrow can spoil,  
 A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !  
 But their sad stifled tones are like streams flowing hid,  
 Their caoine and their pibroch were chid,  
 And their language, "that melts into music," forbid,  
 A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !

## IV.

How fair were the maidens of fair Innis-Fail !  
 A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !  
 As fresh and as free as the sea-breeze from soil,  
 A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !  
 Oh ! are not our maidens as fair and as pure,  
 Can our music no longer allure ?  
 And can we but sob, as such wrongs we endure,  
 A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !

## V

Their famous, their holy, their dear Innis-Fail,  
 A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !  
 Shall it still be a prey for the stranger to spoil,  
 A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !  
 Sure brave men would labour by night and by day  
 To banish that stranger away,  
 Or, dying for Ireland, the future would say  
 A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !

## VI.

Oh ! shame—for unchanged is the face of our isle,  
 A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !  
 Brought them to battle, to sing, and to smile,  
 truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !

We are heirs of their rivers, their sea, and their land,  
 Our sky and our mountains as grand—  
 We are heirs—oh ! we're not—of their heart and their hand,  
 A's truagh gan oidhtr 'n-a bh-farradh !

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## MUNSTER.

## I.

Ye who rather  
 Seek to gather  
 Biding thought than fleeting pleasure,  
 In the South what wonders saw ye ?  
 From the South what lesson draw ye ?  
 Wonders, passing thought or measure—  
 Lessons, through a life to treasure.

## II.

Ever living,  
 Nature, giving  
 Welcome wild, or soft caress—  
 Scenes that sink into the being  
 Till the eye grows full with seeing,  
 And the mute heart can but bless  
 Him that shaped such loveliness.

## III.

Dark and wide ill  
 Rivers idle,  
 Wealth unwrought of sea and mine—  
 Bays where Europe's fleets might anchor—  
 Scarce Panama's waters blander,  
 Ere Columbus crossed the brine,  
 Void of living sound or sign.

## IV.

God hath blest it,  
 Man opprest it—  
 Sad the fruits that mingling rise—  
 Fallow fields, and hands to till them,  
 Hungry mouths, and grain to fill them ;  
 But a social curse denies  
 Labour's guerdon, want's supplies.

## V.

Sunlight glances,  
 Life that dances  
 In the limbs of childhood there—  
 Glowing tints, that fade and sicken  
 In the pallid, famine-stricken  
 Looks, that men and women wear,  
 Living types of want and care.

## VI.

Faith and patience,  
 'Mid privations—  
 Genial heart, and open hand ;  
 But, what fain the eye would light on,  
 Pleasant homes to cheer and brighten  
 Such a race and such a land—  
 These, alas ! their lords have banned.

## VII.

These things press on  
 Us the lesson,  
 Much may yet be done and borne,  
 But the bonds that thus continue  
 Paralysing limb and sinew,  
 From our country *must* be torn ;  
 Then shines out young Munster's morn.

SLIABH CUILINN

## THE TRUE IRISH KING.\*

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

## I.

THE Cæsar of Rome has a wider demesne,  
 And the Ard-Righ of France has more clans in his train;  
 The sceptre of Spain is more heavy with gems,  
 And our crowns cannot vie with the Greek diadems;  
 But kinglier far before heaven and man  
 Are the Emerald fields, and the fiery-eyed clan,  
 The sceptre, and state, and the poets who sing,  
 And the swords that encircle A TRUE IRISH KING!

## II.

For, he must have come from a conquering race—  
 The heir of their valour, their glory, their grace:  
 His frame must be stately, his step must be fleet,  
 His hand must be trained to each warriorfeat,  
 His face, as the harvest moon, steadfast and clear,  
 A head to enlighten, a spirit to cheer,  
 While the foremost to rush where the battle-brands ring,  
 And the last to retreat is A TRUE IRISH KING!

## III.

Yet, not for his courage, his strength, or his name,  
 Can he from the clansmen their fealty claim.  
 The poorest, and highest, choose freely to-day  
 The chief, that to-night, they'll as truly obey;  
 For loyalty springs from a people's consent,  
 And the knee that is forced had been better unbent—  
 The Sassanach serfs no such homage can bring  
 As the Irishman's choice of A TRUE IRISH KING!

\* See Appendix L to O'Donovan's "Hy-Fiachra," p. 215 &c.

## IV.

Come, look on the pomp when they "make an O'Neill;"  
 The muster of dynasts—O'h-Again, O'Shiadhail,  
 O'Cathain, O'h-Anluain, O'Bhrislein and all,  
 From gentle Aird Uladh to rude Dun na n-gall;  
 "St. Patrick's *comharba*,"\* with bishops thirteen,  
 And ollamhs and breithamhs, and minstrels, are seen,  
 Round Tulach-Og† Rath, like the bees in the spring,  
 All swarming to honour A TRUE IRISH KING!

## V.

Unsandalled he stands on the footdinted rock,  
 Like a pillar-stone fix'd against every shock.  
 Round, round is the Rath on a far-seeing hill,  
 Like his blemishless honour, and vigilant will.  
 The gray-beards are telling how chiefs by the score  
 Have been crowned on "The Rath of the Kings" heretofore,  
 While, crowded, yet ordered, within its green ring,  
 Are the dynasts and priests round THE TRUE IRISH KING!

## VI.

The chronicler read him the laws of the clan,  
 And pledged him to bide by their blessing and ban;  
 His skian and his sword are unbuckled to show  
 That they only were meant for a foreigner foe;  
 A white willow wand has been put in his hand—  
 A type of pure, upright, and gentle command—  
 While hierarchs are blessing, the slipper they fling,  
 And O'Cathain proclaims him A TRUE IRISH KING!

## VII.

Thrice looked he to Heaven with thanks and with prayer—  
 Thrice looked to his borders with sentinel stare—

\* Successor—*comharba Phadraig*—the Archbishop of Armagh.  
 † In the county Tyrone, between Cookstown and Stewartstown.

To the waves of Loch N-Eathach, the heights of Strath-bhan;  
 And thrice on his allies, and thrice on his clan—  
 One clash on their bucklers!—one more—they are still—  
 What means the deep pause on the crest of the hill?  
 Why gaze they above him?—a war eagle's wing!  
 'Tis an omen!—Hurrah! for THE TRUE IRISH KING!"

## VIII.

God aid him!—God save him!—and smile on his reign—  
 The terror of England—the ally of Spain.  
 May his sword be triumphant o'er Saasanach arts!  
 Be his throne ever girt by strong hands, and true hearts!  
 May the course of his conquest run on till he see  
 The flag of Plantagenet sink in the sea,  
 And minstrels for ever his victories sing,  
 And saints make the bed of THE TRUE IRISH KING!

## THE GRFEN FLAG.

A.D. 1647.

BY M. J. BARRY.

## I.

Boys! fill your glasses,  
 Each hour that passes  
 Steals, it may be, on our last night's cheer.  
 The day soon shall come, boys,  
 With fife and drum, boys,  
 Breaking shrilly on the soldier's ear.  
 Drink the faithful hearts that love us—  
 'Mid to-morrow's thickest fight,  
 While our green flag floats above us,  
 Think, boys, 'tis for them we smite.

Down with each mean flag,  
 None but the green flag  
 Shall in triumph be above us seen :  
 Oh ! think on its glory,  
 Long shrined in story,  
 Charge for Eire and her Flag of Green !

## II.

Think on old Brian,  
 War's mighty lion,  
 'Neath that banner 'twas he smote the Dane,  
 The Northman and Saxon  
 Oft turned their backs on  
 Those who bore it o'er each crimson'd plain.  
 Beal-an-atha-Buidhe beheld it  
 Bagenal's fiery onset curb,  
 Scotch Munroe would fain have fell'd it,  
 We, boys, followed him from red Beinnburb.  
 Down with each mean flag,  
 None but the green flag  
 Shall above us be in triumph seen :  
 Oh ! think of its glory,  
 Long shrined in story,  
 Charge with Eoghan for our Flag of Green !

## III.

And if at eve, boys,  
 Comrades shall grieve, boys,  
 O'er our corses, let it be with pride,  
 When thinking that each, boys,  
 On that red beach, boys,  
 Lies the flood-mark of the battle's tide.  
 See—the first faint ray of morning  
 Gilds the east with yellow light :  
 Hark ! the bugle note gives warning—  
 One full hum old friends to-night.

Down with each mean flag,  
 None but the green flag  
 Shall above us be in triumph seen :  
 Oh ! think on its glory,  
 Long shrined in story,  
 Fall or conquer for our Flag of Green !

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## THE ISRAELITE LEADER.

## I.

A HEBREW youth, of thoughtful mien  
 And dark impassioned eye,  
 Once stood beside the leafy sheen  
 Of an oak that towered high,  
 Ever, amid man's varied race,  
 Such port and glance are found,  
 Unerring signs by which to trace  
 The slave's first upward bound.

## II.

Ay ! Liberty's good son, though he  
 Yet bears the tyrant brand—  
 Not distant far the hour can be  
 For such to arm and band.  
 His father's heaped-up corn was near,  
 To tend it seemed his care ;  
 But—souls like his to Heaven are dear—  
 An Angel sought him there.

## III.

Under the shade of that tall oak  
 A stranger met his eyes,  
 And glorious were the words he spoke,  
 Of Israel's quick uprise !

Deep, thrilling words—they instant made  
 That young heart overflow,  
 As the strong leap of the cascade  
 Heaves up the tide below.

## IV.

He spread a feast for the harbinger  
 Who such good tidings bore,  
 But—fire from Heaven consumed it there—  
 He saw that guest no more;  
 And when the first deep awe had passed  
 Of such strange visitant,  
 Upsprung his hopes for Israel fast,  
 As eagles from their haunt.

## V.

And the pale youth who but that morn,  
 (So meek of heart was he,)  
 Stood winnowing his father's corn,  
 At midnight, like a sea,  
 When tameless is its stormy roar,  
 To Baal's high altar rushed,  
 And it was overturned before  
 The next bright orient blushed.

## VI.

An Altar to the Living God  
 Upon the ruin stood,  
 And groves, where Baal's Priests had trod,  
 Were rooted from the wood—  
 And God's good sword with Gideon went  
 For ever from that day,  
 Till, of the hosts against him sent,  
 Not one was left to slay.

## VII.

Oh ! names like his bright beacons are  
 To realms that Kings oppress,  
 Hailing with radiant light from far  
 Their signals of distress.  
 When a crushed Nation humbly turns  
 From sin that was too dear,  
 Not long the proud Oppressor spurns,  
 Deliverance is near.



## RECRUITING SONG FOR THE IRISH BRIGADE.

BY MAURICE O'CONNELL, M.P.

AIR—"The White Cockade."

## I.

Is there a youthful gallant here  
 On fire for fame—unknowing fear—  
 Who in the charge's mad career  
 On Erin's foes would flesh his spear ?  
 Come, let him wear the White Cockade,  
 And learn the soldier's glorious trade,  
 'Tis of such stuff a hero's made,  
 Then let him join the Bold Brigade.

## II.

Who scorns to own a Saxon Lord,  
 And toil to swell a stranger's hoard ?  
 Who for rude blow or gibing word  
 Would answer with the Freeman's sword ?  
 Come, let him wear the White Cockade, &c.

## III.

Does Erin's foully slandered name  
 Suffuse thy cheek with generous shame—  
 Would'st right her wrongs—restore her fame?—  
 Come, then, the soldier's weapon claim—  
 Come, then, and wear the White Cockade, &c.

## IV.

Come, free from bonds your father's faith,  
 Redeem its shrines from scorn and scathe,  
 The Hero's fame, the Martyr's wreath,  
 Will gild your life or crown your death.

Then, come, and wear the White Cockade, &c.

## V.

To drain the cup—with girls to toy,  
 The serf's vile soul with bliss may cloy ;  
 But would'st thou taste a manly joy?—  
 Oh ! it was ours at Fontenoy !

Come, then, and wear the White Cockade, &c.

## VI.

To many a fight thy fathers led,  
 Full many a Saxon's life-blood shed ;  
 From thee, as yet, no foe has fled—  
 Thou wilt not shame the glorious dead ?

Then, come, and wear the White Cockade, &c.

## VII.

Oh ! come—for slavery, want, and shame,  
 We offer vengeance, freedom, fame,  
 With Monarchs, comrade rank to claim,  
 And, nobler still, the Patriot's name.

Oh ! come and wear the White Cockade,  
 And learn the soldier's glorious trade ;  
 'Tis of such stuff a hero's made—  
 Then come and join the Bold Brigade.

## STEP TOGETHER.

BY M. J. BARRY.

## I.

STEP together—boldly tread,  
 Firm each foot, erect each head,  
 Fix'd in front be every glance—  
 Forward, at the word advance—  
 Serried files that foes may dread—  
 Like the deer on mountain heather,  
     Tread light,  
     Left, right—  
 Steady, boys, and step together !

## II.

Step together—be each rank  
 Dressed in line, from flank to flank,  
 Marching so that you may halt  
 'Mid the onset's fierce assault,  
 Firm as is the rampart's bank  
 Raised the iron rain to weather—  
     Proud sight !  
     Left, right—  
 Steady, boys, and step together !

## III.

Step together—be your tramp  
 Quick and light—no plodding stamp  
 Let its cadence quick and clear  
 Fall, like music, on the ear ;  
 Noise befits not hall or camp,  
 Eagles soar on silent feather—  
     Tread light,  
     Left, right—  
 Steady, boys, and step together !

## IV.

Step together—self-restrained,  
 Be your march of thought as trained,  
 Each man's single pow'rs combined  
 Into one battalion'd mind,  
 Moving on with step sustained,  
 Thus prepared we reck not whether  
 Foes smite,  
 Left, right—  
 We can think and strike together !

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## P A T I E N C E.

## I.

Be patient, O, be patient ! put your ear against the earth—  
 Listen there how noiselessly the germ o' the seed has birth ;  
 How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little way,  
 Till it parts the scarcely-broken ground and the blade stands  
 forth to day.

## II.

Be patient, O, be patient ! for the germs of mighty thought  
 Must have their silent undergrowth, must underground be  
 wrought ;  
 But as sure as ever there's power that makes the grass appear,  
 Our land shall smile with Liberty, the blade-time shall be here.

## III.

Be patient, O, be patient ! go and watch the wheat-ears grow  
 So imperceptibly that ye can mark nor change nor throe,  
 Day after day, day after day, till the ear is fully grown,  
 And then again, day after day, till the ripen'd field is brown.

## IV.

Be patient, O, be patient! though yet our hopes are green,  
the harvest-fields of Freedom shall be crown'd with sunny  
sheen.

Be ripening! be ripening! mature your silent way,  
Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire on Freedom's  
harvest-day.

SPARTACUS.

## THE GREEN ABOVE THE RED.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

AIR—“*Irish Molly, O!*”

## I.

FULL often when our fathers saw the Red above the Green,  
They rose in rude but fierce array, with sabre, pike, and skian,  
And over many a noble town, and many a field of dead,  
They proudly set the Irish Green above the English Red.

## II.

But in the end, throughout the land, the shameful sight was  
seen—  
The English Red in triumph high above the Irish Green;  
But well they died in breach and field, who as their spirits  
fled,  
Still saw the Green maintain its place above the English Red.

## III

And they who saw, in after times, the Red above the Green,  
Were withered as the grass that dies beneath a forest screen;  
Yet often by this healthy hope their sinking hearts were fed,  
That, in some day to come, the Green should flutter o'er the  
Red.

## IV.

Sure 'twas for this Lord Edward died, and Wolfe Tone sunk  
serene—

Because they could not bear to leave the Red above the Green,  
And 'twas for this that Owen fought, and Sarsfield nobly  
bled—

Because their eyes were hot to see the Green above the Red.

## V

So, when the strife began again, our darling Irish Green  
Was down upon the earth, while high the English Red was  
seen;

Yet still we held our fearless course, for something in us said,  
“Before the strife is o'er you'll see the Green above the Red.”

## VI.

And 'tis for this we think and toil, and knowledge strive to  
glean,  
That we may pull the English Red below the Irish Green,  
And leave our sons sweet liberty, and smiling plenty spread  
Above the land once dark with blood—*the Green above the  
Red!*

## VII.

The jealous English tyrant now has bann'd the Irish Green,  
And forced us to conceal it like a something foul and mean;  
But yet, by Heavens! he'll sooner raise his victims from the  
dead,  
Than force our hearts to leave the Green, and cotton to the  
Red!

## VIII.

We'll trust ourselves, for God is good, and blesses those who  
lean

On their brave hearts, and not upon an earthly king or queen  
And, freely as we lift our hands, we vow our blood to shed  
Once and for evermore to raise the Green above the Red!

## THE WELCOME.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

## I.

COME in the evening, or come in the morning,  
 Come when your look'd for, or come without warning,  
 Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,  
 And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you.

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted  
 Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;  
 The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,  
 And the linnets are singing, "true lovers! don't sever."

## II.

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them.  
 Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom.  
 I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;  
 I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.

Oh! your step's like the rain to the summer-vex'd farmer,  
 Or sabre and shield to a knight without armour;  
 I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,  
 Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence to love me.

## III.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff, and the eyrie,  
 We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy,  
 We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,  
 Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.

Oh! she'll whisper you, "Love as unchangeably beaming,  
 And trust, when in secret, most tunefully streaming  
 Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,  
 's our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

## IV.

So come in the evening, or come in the morning,  
 Come when you're look'd for, or come without warning,  
 Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,  
 And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,  
 Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted ;  
 The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,  
 And the linnets are singing, "true lovers! don't sever!"

## WHY, GENTLES, WHY ?

AIR—" *Why, soldiers, why?*"

## I.

Why, gentles, why,  
 Should we so melancholy be ?

Why, gentles, why ?  
 We know that all must die—

He—you—and I !  
 Life at the best  
 Is but a jest—  
 Hopes brightly shine but to fly  
 Rejoice, then, that rest—  
 Deep, quiet, blest—  
 Stands ever nigh !

## II.

Why, tell me, why,  
 Should we so melancholy be ?

Why, tell me, why,  
 Bursts th' unhidden sigh,  
 While tears dim the eye ?

Why crave for rest ;  
 And even when happiest  
 Find gloomy thoughts ever nigh ?  
 'Tis that while we live,  
 Nought full content can give,  
 Known but on high !

L. N. F.

## CATE OF ARAGLEN.

AIR—"An Cailin Ruadh."

BY DENNY LANE.

## I.

WHEN first I saw thee, Cate, that summer ev'ning late,  
 Down at the orchard gate of Araglen,  
 I felt I'd ne'er before seen one so fair a-stóir,  
 I fear'd I'd never more sec thee again—  
 I stopped and gazed at thee, my footfall luckily  
 Reached not thy ear, tho' we stood there so near;  
 While from thy lips a strain, soft as the summer rain,  
 Sad as a lover's pain, fell on my ear.

## II.

I've heard the lark in June, the harp's wild plaintive tune,  
 The thrush, that aye too soon gives o'er his strain—  
 I've heard in hush'd delight the mellow horn at night,  
 Waking the echoes light of wild Loch Lein ;  
 But neither echoing horn, nor thrush upon the thorn,  
 Nor lark at early morn, hymning in air,  
 Nor harper's lay divine, e'er witch'd this heart of mine,  
 Like that sweet voice of thine, that ev'ning there.

## III.

And when some rustling, dear, fell on thy listening ear.  
You thought your brother near, and named his name,  
I could not answer, though, as luck would have it so,  
His name and mine, you know, were both the same—  
Hearing no answering sound, you glanced in doubt around,  
With timid look, and found it was not he ;  
Turning away your head, and blushing rosy red,  
Like a wild fawn you fled, far far from me.

## IV.

The swan upon the lake, the wild rose in the brake,  
The golden clouds that make the west their throne,  
The wild ash by the stream, the full moon's silver beam,  
The ev'ning star's soft gleam, shining alone ;  
The lily rob'd in white—all, all are fair and bright ;  
But ne'er on earth was sight so bright, so fair,  
As that one glimpse of thee, that I caught then, *machree*,  
It stole my heart from me that ev'ning there.

## V.

And now you're mine alone, that heart is all my own—  
That heart that ne'er hath known a flame before.  
That form of mould divine—that snowy hand of thine—  
Those locks of gold are mine, for evermore.  
Was lover ever seen, as blest as thine, *Caitilin* ?  
Hath lover ever been more fond, more true ?  
Thine is my ev'ry vow ! for ever dear, as now !  
Queen of my heart be thou ! *mo cailin' m'ndh'*

## THE PILLAR TOWERS OF IRELAND.

BY D. F. MC CARTHY.

## I.

THE pillar towers of Ireland, how wondrously they stand  
 By the lakes and rushing rivers through the valleys of  
 our land ;  
 In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their heads su-  
 blime ;  
 These gray old pillar temples—these conquerors of time !

## II.

Beside these gray old pillars, how perishing and weak  
 The Roman's arch of triumph, and the temple of the Greek,  
 And the gold domes of Byzantium, and the pointed Go-  
 thic spires—  
 All are gone, one by one, but the temples of our sires.

## III.

The column, with its capital, is level with the dust,  
 And the proud halls of the mighty and the calm homes  
 of the just ;  
 For the proudest works of man, as certainly, but slower,  
 Pass like the grass at the sharp scythe of the mower !

## IV.

But the grass grows again when in majesty and mirth,  
 On the wing of the Spring comes the Goddess of the Earth ;  
 But for man in this world no springtide e'er returns  
 To the labours of his hands or the ashes of his urns !

## V.

Two favourites hath Time—the pyramids of Nile,  
 And the old mystic temples of our own dear isle—  
 As the breeze o'er the seas, where the halcyon has its nest,  
 Thus Time o'er Egypt's tombs and the temples of the West !

## VI.

The names of their founders have vanished in the gloom,  
 Like the dry branch in the fire or the body in the tomb;  
 But to-day, in the ray, their shadows still they cast—  
 These temples of forgotten gods—these relics of the past!

## VII.

Around these walls have wandered the Briton and the Dane—  
 The captives of Armorica, the cavaliers of Spain—  
 Phoenician and Milesian, and the plundering Norman Peers—  
 And the swordsmen of brave Brian, and the Chiefs of later  
 years!

## VIII.

How many different rites have these gray old temples known?  
 To the mind what dreams are written in these chronicles of  
 stone!

What terror and what error, what gleams of love and truth,  
 Have flashed from these walls since the world was in its  
 youth?

## IX.

Here blazed the sacred fire—and, when the sun was gone,  
 As a star from afar to the traveller it shone;  
 And the warm blood of the victim have these gray old  
 temples drunk,  
 And the death-song of the Druid and the matin of the Monk.

## X.

Here was placed the holy chalice that held the sacred wine,  
 And the gold cross from the altar, and the relics from the  
 shrine,  
 And the mitre shining brighter with its diamonds than the  
 East,  
 And the crozier of the Pontiff and the vestments of the  
 priest!

## XL.

Where blazed the sacred fire, rung out the vesper bell—  
 Where the fugitive found shelter became the hermit's cell  
 And Hope hung out its symbol to the innocent and good,  
 For the cross o'er the moss of the pointed summit stood!

## XIL.

There may it stand for ever, while this symbol doth in part  
 To the mind one glorious vision, or one proud throb to the  
 heart;  
 While the breast needeth rest may these gray old temples  
 last,  
 Bright prophets of the future, as preachers of the past!

## THE WILD GEESE.\*

## I.

THE wild geese—the wild geese—'tis long since they flew  
 O'er the billowy ocean's bright bosom of blue,  
 For the foot of the false-hearted stranger had curst  
 The shores on whose fond breast they'd settled at first;  
 And they sought them a home, afar off o'er the sea,  
 Where their pinions, at least, might be chainless and free.

## II.

The wild geese—the wild geese—sad, sad was the wail  
 That followed their flight on the easterly gale;  
 But the eyes that had wept o'er their vanishing track  
 Ne'er brightened to welcome the wanderers back,  
 The home of their youth was the land of the slave,  
 And they died on that shore far away o'er the wave.

\* The recruits of the Irish Brigade were generally conveyed to France in the smugglers which brought foreign wines and brandy to our west coast, and were entered on the ship's books as "wild geese." Hence this became the common name for them among the *Irish* people.

## III.

The wild geese—the wild geese—their coming once more  
 Was the long-cherished hope of that desolate shore,  
 For the loved ones behind knew it would yet be free,  
 If they flew on their white pinions back o'er the sea ;  
 But vainly the hope of those lonely ones burned,  
 The wild geese—the wild geese, they never returned.

## IV.

The wild geese—the wild geese—hark ! heard ye that cry ?  
 And marked ye that white flock o'erspreading the sky ?  
 Can ye read not the omen ? Joy, joy to the slave,  
 And gladness and strength to the hearts of the brave ;  
 For wild geese are coming, at length, o'er the sea,  
 And Eirinn, green Eirinn, once more shall be free !

## AID YOURSELVES AND GOD WILL AID YOU.

## I.

SIGNS and tokens round us thicken,  
 Hearts throb high and pulses quicken,  
 Comes the morn, though red and lurid,  
 Clouds and storms around it hung ;  
 Still, it is that morn assured,  
 Long ye've prayed for, sought, and sung.  
 Soon those clouds may break, and render  
 To your noon its genial splendour,  
 Or in gloom more hopeless vest it—  
 On your heads the end is rested,  
 Front to front ye've now arrayed you,  
 Aid yourselves and God will aid you

## II.

Awful, past all human telling,  
 Is the change upon you dwelling ;  
 Act but now the fool or craven,  
     And, like Canaan doomed of yore,  
 " Slave of slaves" shall be engraven  
     On your foreheads evermore.  
 Crouching to your masters' mercies,  
 Drugged with slavery's cup like Circé's,  
 Scorn and by-word of the nations,  
 Curse of coming generations,  
 Blackest shame will overshadow you—  
 Aid yourselves and God will aid you.

## III.

Hence, oh, hence ! such foul surmises,  
 Truer far a vision rises,  
 Men in freedom's ranks battalion'd,  
     Countless as the bristling grain,  
 Firm as ardent, wise as valiant,  
     All to venture—all sustain ;  
 Men of never-sinking patience,  
 Tried and taught by stern privations,  
 From their path nor lured nor driven,  
 Till their every bond is riven—  
 Every wrong dispersed like May dews—  
 Aid yourselves and God will aid you.

## IV.

No ! a heart-roused people's action  
 Cannot die like storms of faction.  
 Long a mute but master feeling  
     In the millions' breast was nursed,  
 Till—a magic voice appealing—  
     Forth it came, the thunder-burst,

'Gainst it now they plant their barriers,  
 Guard their keeps, and arm their warriors,  
 Lavish all their futile forces,  
 Power's most stale and vile resources,  
 Yet awhile to crush, degrade you—  
 Aid yourselves and God will aid you.

## V.

Blind misrule, and free opinion,  
 Armed lies and truth's dominion,  
 In a battle still recurring  
     Ever have these foes been set,  
 Here their deadliest strife is stirring—  
     Who can doubt the issue yet?  
 Watch and wait, your hour abiding,  
 Nought your goal one moment hiding,  
 Fearing not, nor too confiding,  
 Trusting in your Leader's guiding,  
 His who ne'er forsook, betrayed you—  
 Aid yourselves and God will aid you.

## VI.

But, should all be unavailing,  
 Reason, truth, and justice failing,  
 Every peaceful effort blighted,  
     Every shred of freedom reft—  
 Then—oh, are we crushed or frightened  
     While one remedy is left!  
 Back, each slave that faints or falters,  
 On, true heart that never alters,  
 On, stout arm, no terrors weaken,  
 Bruce's star and Tell's your beacon;  
 Strike—that stroke is many a day due,  
 Aid yourselves and God will aid you.

SLÁBH! CUILLINN.

## WATCH AND WAIT.

BY CHS. GAVAN DUFFY, M.P.

AIR—"Tow, row row."

## I.

SADLY, as a muffled drum,  
 Toll the hours of long probation ;  
 Let them toll, the stable soul  
 Can work and wait to build a nation.  
 Curse or groan  
 Never more shall own  
 But our stifled hearts are patient  
 As a stone.

## II.

Yes, as patient as a stone,  
 Till we're struck in hate or ire ;  
 Then the dint will fall on flint  
 And send them back a stream of fire ;  
 Wait, boys, wait  
 Ready for your fate,  
 Prompt as powder to the linstock  
 Soon or late !

## III.

Let us gather love and help, —  
 Won from native friends and foemen ;  
 How little loath, the hearts of both,  
 We read in many a glorious omen.  
 No, boys, no ;  
 Let no word or blow  
 Brand a native Irish brother  
 As our foe.

## IV.

Holy Freedom's pealing voice  
Willing slaves hath never woken ;  
Ireland's trance was ignorance,  
And KNOWLEDGE all her spells hath broken.  
Hell and night  
Vanish from her sight,  
As when God pronounced aforetime  
Be there light !

## V.

Cherish well this sacred flame,  
Feed its lamp with care and patience ;  
From God it came, its destined aim,  
To burst the fetters off the nation.  
Now, boys, now,  
Why should we bow,  
When the promised day is dawning,  
And that's now.

## VI.

Brothers, if this day should set,  
Another yet must crown our freedom ;  
*That* will come, with roll of drum,  
And trampling files with MEN to lead them.  
Who can save  
Renegade or slave,  
Fortune only twines her garlands  
For the brave !

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## CLARE'S DRAGOONS.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

AIR—"Viva la."

## I.

WHEN, on Ramillies' bloody field,  
 The baffled French were forced to yield,  
 The victor Saxon backward reeled  
 Before the charge of Clare's Dragoons.  
 The flags, we conquered in that fray,  
 Look lone in Ypres' choir they say,  
 We'll win them company to-day,  
 Or bravely die like Clare's Dragoons.

## CHORUS.

Viva la for Ireland's wrong!  
 Viva la for Ireland's right!  
 Viva la in battled throng,  
 For a Spanish steed, and sabre bright

## II.

The brave old lord died near the fight,  
 But, for each drop he lost that night,  
 A Saxon cavalier shall bite  
 The dust before Lord Clare's Dragoons.  
 For, never, when our spurs were set,  
 And never, when our sabres met,  
 Could we the Saxon soldiers get  
 To stand the shock of Clare's Dragoons.

## CHORUS.

Viva la the New Brigade!  
 Viva la the Old One, too.  
 Viva la the Rose shall fade,  
 And the Shamrock shine for ever new!

## III.

Another Clare is here to lead,  
 The worthy son of such a breed ;  
 The French expect some famous deed,  
 When Clare leads on his bold Dragoons.  
 Our colonel comes from Brian's race,  
 His wounds are in his breast and face,  
 The *bearna baeghail*\* is still his place,  
 The foremost of his bold Dragoons.

## CHORUS.

Viva la the New Brigade !  
 Viva la the Old One, too !  
 Viva la the Rose shall fade,  
 And the Shamrock shine for ever new !

## IV.

There's not a man in squadron here  
 Was ever known to flinch or fear ;  
 Though first in charge and last in rear,  
 Have ever been Lord Clare's Dragoons ;  
 But, see ! we'll soon have work to do,  
 To shame our boasts, or prove them true,  
 For hither comes the English crew,  
 To sweep away Lord Clare's Dragoons

## CHORUS.

Viva la for Ireland's wrong !  
 Viva la for Ireland's right !  
 Viva la in battled throng,  
 For a Spanish steed and sabre bright !

\* The Gap of Danger.

## V.

Oh ! comrades think how Ireland pines,  
 Her exiled lords, her rifled shrines,  
 Her dearest hope, the ordered lines,  
 And bursting charge of Clare's Dragoons.  
 Then fling your Green Flag to the sky.  
 Be Limerick your battle-cry,  
 And charge, till blood floats fetlock-high,  
 Around the track of Clare's Dragoons.

## CHORUS.

Viva la the New Brigade !  
 Viva la the Old One, too !  
 Viva la the Rose shall fade,  
 And the Shamrock shine for ever now !

## THE PATRIOT BRAVE.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

## I.

I DRINK to the valiant who con ibat  
 For freedom by mountain or wave,  
 And may triumph attend, like a shadow,  
 The swords of the patriot brave !  
 Oh ! never was holier chalice  
 Than this at our festivals crown'd,  
 The heroes of Morven, to pl dige it,  
 And gods of Valhalla float ; round.  
 Hurrah for the patriot brave !  
 A health to the patriot brave—  
 And a curse and a blow be to liberty's foe,  
 Whether tyrant, or coward, or knave.

## II.

Great spirits who battled in old time  
For the freedom of Athens, descend !  
As low to the shadow of Brian  
In fond hero-worship we bend.  
From those that in far Alpine passes  
Saw Daithi struck down in his mail,  
To the last of our chie's galloglasses,  
The saffron-clad foes of the Pale.  
Let us drink to the patriot brave—  
Hurrah for the patriot brave !  
But a curse and a blow be to liberty's foe,  
And more chains for the satisfied slave.

## III.

Oh, Liberty ! hearts that adore thee  
Pour out their best blood at thy shrine,  
As freely as gushes before thee  
This purple libation of wine.  
For us, whether destined to triumph,  
Or bleed as Leonidas bled,  
Crushed down by a forest of lances,  
On mountains of foreigner dead,  
May we sleep with the patriot brave !  
God prosper the patriot brave !  
But may battle and woe hurry liberty's foe  
To a bloody and honourless grave !

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## THE FALL OF THE LEAVES.

BY THE REV. C. MEEHAN.

## I.

THEY are falling, they are falling, and soon, alas! they'll fade,

The flowers of the garden, the leaves of dell and glade;  
Their dirge the winds are singing in the lone and fitful blast,  
And the leaves and flowers of summer are strewn and fading fast.

Ah! why then have we loved them, when their beauties might have told

They could not linger long with us, nor stormy skies behold?  
Fair creatures of the sunshine! your day of life is past,  
Ye are scattered by the rude winds, fallen and fading fast:  
And, oh! how oft enchanted have we watched your opening bloom,

When you made unto the day-God your offerings of perfume!  
How vain are our imaginings that joy will always last—

'Tis like to you, ye sweet things, all dimmed and faded fast.  
The glens where late ye bloomed for us are leafless now and lorn,

The tempest's breath hath all their pride and all their beauty shorn.

## II.

'Twas ever so, and so shall be, by fate that doom was cast—  
The things we love are scarcely seen till they are gone and past.

Ay, ye are gone and faded, ye leaves and lovely flowers,  
But when spring comes you'll come again to deck the garden's bowers;

And beauty, too, will cull you, and twine ye in her hair—  
What meeter, truer emblem can beauty ever wear?

But never, here, oh ! never, shall we the loved ones meet,  
 Who shone in youth around us and like you faded fleet ;  
 Full soon affliction bowed them, and life's day-dawn o'er-cast,  
 They're blooming now in heaven, their day of fading's past !  
 Ye withered leaves and flowers ! oh ! may you long impart  
 Monition grave and moral stern unto this erring heart—  
 Oh ! teach it that the joys of earth are short-lived, vain, and  
 frail,  
 And transient as the leaves and flowers before the wintry  
 gale !

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## CATE OF CEANN-MARE.\*

BY D. F. McCARTHY.

## I.

Oh ! many bright eyes full of goodness and gladness,  
 Where the pure soul looks out, and the heart loves to shine,  
 And many cheeks pale with the soft hue of sadness,  
 Have I worshipped in silence and felt them divine !  
 But hope in its gleamings, or love in its dreamings,  
 Ne'er fashioned a being so faultless and fair  
 As the lily-cheeked beauty, the rose of the Ruachtach,†  
 The fawn of the valley, sweet Cate of Ceann-mare !

## II.

It was all but a moment, her radiant existence,  
 Her presence, her absence, all crowded on me ;  
 But time has not ages and earth has not distance  
 To sever, sweet vision, my spirit from thee !

\* Properly Ceann-mara,—head of the Sea.

† Commonly written Roughty.

Again 'm I straying where children are playing—  
 Bright is the sunshine and balmy the air,  
 Mountains are heathy, and there do I see thee,  
 Sweet fawn of the valley, young Cate of Ceann-mare !

## III.

Thy own bright arbutes hath many a cluster  
 Of white waxen blossoms like lilies in air ;  
 But, oh ! thy pale cheek hath a delicate lustre,  
 No blossoms can rival, no lily doth wear.  
 To that cheek softly flushing, to thy lip brightly blushing,  
 Oh ! what are the berries that bright tree doth bear ?  
 Peerless in beauty, the rose of the Ruachtach,  
 That fawn of the valley, sweet Cate of Ceann-mare !

## IV.

Oh ! beauty, some spell from kind nature thou bearest,  
 Some magic of tone or enchantment of eye,  
 That hearts that are hardest from forms that are fairest,  
 Receive such impressions as never can die !  
 The foot of the fairy, though lightsome and airy,  
 Can stamp on the hard rock the shape it doth wear !  
 Art cannot trace it, nor ages efface it—  
 And such are thy glances, sweet Cate of Ceann-mare !

## V.

To him who far travels how sad is the feeling—  
 How the light of his mind is o'ershadowed and dim,  
 When the scenes he most loves, like the river's soft stealing,  
 All fade as a vision and vanish from him !  
 Yet he bears from each far land a flower for that garland  
 That memory weaves of the bright and the fair ;  
 While this sigh I am breathing my garland is wreathing,  
 And the rose of that garland is Cate of Ceann-mare !

## VI.

In lonely Lough Quinlan,\* in summer's soft hours,  
 Fair islands are floating that move with the tide,  
 Which, sterile at first, are soon covered with flowers,  
 And thus o'er the bright waters fairy-like glide!  
 Thus the mind the most vacant is quickly awakened,  
 And the heart bears a harvest that late was so bare,  
 Of him who in roving finds objects in loving,  
 Like the fawn of the valley—sweet Cate of Ceann-mare!

## VII.

Sweet Cate of Ceann-mare ! though I ne'er may behold thee—  
 Though the pride and the joy of another you be—  
 Though strange lips may praise thee and strange arms enfold  
 thee !  
 A blessing, dear Cate, be on them and on thee !  
 One feeling I cherish that never can perish—  
 One talisman proof to the dark wizard care—  
 The fervent and dutiful love of the beautiful,  
 Of which *thou* art a type, gentle Cate of Ceann-mare !

## A LAY SERMON:

BY CHAS. GAVAN DUFFY, M.P.

## I.

BROTHER, do you love your brother ?  
 Brother, are you all you seem ?

\* Dr. Smith, in his History of Kerry, says—"Near this place is a considerable fresh water lake, called Lough Quinlan, in which are some small floating islands, much admired by the country people. These islands swim from side to side of the lake, and are usually composed at first of a long kind of grass, which being blown off the adjacent grounds about the middle of September, and floating about, collect slime and other stuff, and so yearly increase till they come to have grass and other vegetables grown upon them."

Do you live for more than living?  
 Has your Life a law, and scheme?  
 Are you prompt to bear its duties,  
 As a brave man may beseem?

## II.

Brother, shun the mist exhaling  
 From the fen of pride and doubt  
 Neither seek the house of bondage  
 Walling straitened souls about;  
 Bats! who, from their narrow spy-hole,  
 Cannot see a world without.

## III.

Anchor in no stagnant shallow—  
 Trust the wide and wond'rous sea,  
 Where the tides are fresh for ever,  
 And the mighty currents free;  
 There, perchance, oh! young Columbus,  
 Your New World of truth may be.

## IV.

Favour will not make deserving—  
 (Can the sunshine brighten clay?)  
 Slowly must it grow to blossom,  
 Fed by labour and delay,  
 And the fairest bud of promise  
 Bears the taint of quick decay.

## V.

You must strive for better guerdons;  
 Strive to be the thing you'd seem;  
 Be the thing that God hath made you,  
 Channel for no borrowed stream;  
 He hath lent you mind and conscience;  
 See you travel in their beam!

## VI.

See you scale life's misty highlands  
 'Ey this light of living truth!  
 And with bosom braced for labour,  
 Breast them in your manly youth ;  
 So when age and care have found you,  
 Shall your downward path be smooth.

## VII.

Fear not, on that rugged highway,  
 Life may want its lawful zest ;  
 Sunny glens are in the mountain,  
 Where the weary feet may rest,  
 Cooled in streams that gush for ever  
 From a loving mother's breast.

## VIII.

" Simple heart and simple pleasures, "  
 So they write life's golden rule ;  
 Honour won by supple baseness,  
 State that crowns a cankered fool,  
 Gleam as gleam the gold and purple  
 On a hot and rancid pool.

## IX.

Wear no show of wit or science,  
 But the gems you've won, and weighed ;  
 Theft, like ivy on a ruin,  
 Make the rifts they seem to shade :  
 Are you not a thief and beggar  
 In the rarest spoils arrayed ?

## X.

Shadows deck a sunny landscape,  
 Making brighter all the bright :  
 So, my brother ! care and danger  
 On a loving nature light,  
 Bringing all its latent beauties  
 Out upon the common sight.

## XI.

Love the things that God created,  
 Make your brother's need your care :  
 Scorn and hate repel God's blessings,  
 But where love is, *they* are there ;  
 As the moonbeams light the waters,  
 Leaving rock and sand-bank bare.

## XII.

Thus, my brother, grow and flourish,  
 Fearing none, and loving all ;  
 For the true man needs no patron,  
 He shall climb, and never crawl ;  
 Two things fashion their own channel—  
 The strong man and the waterfall.

## THE BISHOP OF ROSS.

BY DR. MADDEN, AUTHOR OF THE "LIVES OF THE UNITED  
 IRISHMEN."

THE tramp of the trooper is heard at Macroom ;\*  
 The soldiers of Cromwell are spared from Clonmel,†  
 And Broghill—the merciless Broghill—is come  
 On a mission of murder which pleases him well.

\* Magh Cromha.

† Cluain Meala.

## II.

The wailing of women, the wild *uhulu*,  
 Dread tidings from cabin to cabin convey ;  
 But loud tho' the plaints and the shrieks which ensue,  
 The war-cry is louder of men in array.

## III.

In the park of Macroom there is gleaming of steel,  
 And glancing of lightning in looks on that field,  
 And swelling of bosoms with patriot zeal,  
 And clenching of hands on the weapons they wield.

## IV.

MacEgan!\* a prelate like Ambrose of old,  
 Forsakes not his flock when the spoiler is near,  
 The post of the pastor's in front of the fold  
 When the wolf's on the plain and there's rapine to fear

## V.

The danger is come, and the fortune of war  
 Inclines to the side of oppression once more ;  
 The people are brave—but they fall, and the star  
 Of their destiny sets in the darkness of yore.

## VI.

MacEgan survives in the Philistine hands  
 Of the lords of the pale, and his death is decreed ;  
 But the sentence is stayed by Lord Broghill's command,  
 And the prisoner is dragged to his presence with speed.

\* Mac Aodhaogain in proper spelling.

## VII.

To Carraig-an-Droichid\* this instant, he cried,  
 Prevail on your people in garrison there  
 To yield, and at once in our mercy confide,  
 And your life, I will pledge you my honour, to spare

## VIII.

*"Your mercy! your honour!"* the prelate replied,  
 I well know the worth of—my duty I know;  
 Lead on to the Castle, and there by your side,  
 With the blessing of God, what is meet will I do."

## IX.

The orders are given, the prisoner is led  
 To the Castle, and round him are menacing hordes;  
 Undaunted—approaching the walls, at the head  
 Of the troopers of Cromwell, he utters these words

## X.

" Beware of the cockatrice—trust not the wiles  
 Of the serpent—for perfidy skulks in its folds!  
 Beware of Lord Broghill, the day that he smiles,  
 His mercy is murder!—his word never holds.

## XI.

" Remember 'tis writ in our annals of blood,  
 Our countrymen never relied on the faith  
 Of truce, or of treaty, but treason ensued—  
 And the issue of every delusion was death!"

\* Commonly written Carrigadrohid, (the Rock of the Bridge,) three  
 miles east of Macroom, Co. Cork. The Castle is built on a steep rock  
 river Lee by the McCarty's.

## XII.

Thus nobly the patriot prelate sustained  
 The ancient renown of his chivalrous race,  
 And the last of old Eoghan's descendants obtained  
 For the name of Ui—mani new lustre and grace.

## XIII.

He died on the scaffold, in front of those walls  
 Where the blackness of ruin is seen from afar;  
 And the gloom of its desolate aspect recalls  
 The blackest of Broghill's achievements in war!

## OUR OWN AGAIN

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

## I.

LET the coward shrink aside,  
 We'll have our own again ;  
 Let the brawling slave deride,  
 Here's for our own again—  
 Let the tyrant bribe and lie,  
 March, threaten, fortify,  
 Loose his lawyer and his spy,  
 Yet we'll have our own again.  
 Let him soothe in silken tone,  
 Scold from a foreign throne ;  
 Let him come with bugles blown,  
 We shall have our own again.  
 Let us to our purpose bide,  
 We'll have our own again—  
 Let the game be fairly tried,  
 We'll have our own again.

## II.

Send the cry throughout the land,  
"Who's for our own again?"  
Summon all men to our band,  
Why not our own again?  
Rich and poor, and old, and young,  
Sharp sword, and fiery tongue—  
Soul and sinew firmly strung,  
All to get our own again.  
Brothers thrive by brotherhood—  
Trees in a stormy wood—  
Riches come from Nationhood—  
Sha'n't we have our own again?  
Munster's woe is Ulster's bane!  
Join for our own again—  
Tyrants rob as well as reign,  
We'll have our own again.

## III.

Oft our fathers' hearts it stirr'd,  
"Rise for our own again!"  
Often pass'd the signal word,  
"Strike for our own again!"  
Rudely, rashly, and untaught,  
Uprose they, ere they ought,  
Failing, though they nobly fought,  
Dying for their own again.  
Mind will rule and muscle yield,  
In senate, ship, and field—  
When we've skill our strength to wield,  
Let us take our own again.  
By the slave, his chain is wrought,  
Strive for our own again.  
Thunder is less strong than thought,  
We'll have our own again.

## IV.

Calm as granite to our foes,  
Stand for our own again ;  
Till his wrath to madness grows,  
Firm for our own again.  
Bravely hope, and wisely wait,  
Toil, join, and educate ;  
Man is master of his fate ;  
We'll enjoy our own again.  
With a keen constrained thirst—  
Powder's calm ere it burst—  
Making ready for the worst,  
So we'll get our own again.  
Let us to our purpose bide,  
We'll have our own again.  
God is on the righteous side,  
We'll have our own again.

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## A PATRIOT'S HAUNTS.

BY WILLIAM P. MULCHINECK.

I LOVE the mountain rude and high,  
Its bare and barren majesty,  
And in its peopled solitude  
I love to stand in musing mood,  
And bring, by fancy's magic power,  
Bright dreams to charm the passing hour  
To fill the green and heathy glen  
With hosts of stalwart fighting men,

With banners flaunting, fair, and free,  
Fit for a new Thermopylae ;  
And in the dark and narrow pass  
I place a young Leonidas.  
With joy I mark the phantom fight,  
And hear the shouts for native right ;  
And thus, until the shades of night  
Proclaim time's quick and restless flight,  
In fancy, freedom's war I see,  
And tread a land by slaves made free.

I love to mark the billows rise,  
And fling their spray into the skies—  
To mark the bold impetuous shock  
They deal upon the rugged rock ;  
Until, where'er its side they lave,  
Their power is shown in many a cave.  
I match the rock to tyranny,  
The waves to slaves and man made free,  
For know, 'twas unity like this  
That Greece put forth at Salamis ;  
And thus the Romans, side by side,  
From Carthage tore her crest of pride ;  
And yet, where slaves are found, I ween  
New Fabii may still be seen,  
Whose hearts though bold enough, I trow,  
See not the fitting moment now—  
Can find not yet the unity  
That made the Doric children free,  
That made the haughty Samnite fly  
The anger of a Roman eye.

Doubters ascend a mountain-height,  
With healthy pulse and sinew light—  
Cowards ! upon the foaming tide  
Cast you your glances, far and wide,

And, in the dark hill, say with me,  
 "There's many a sure Thermopylæ,  
 And o'er each bay's profound abyss,  
 True hearts could make a Salamis."

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### A HEALTH.

BY J. D. FRAZER.

I.

HURRAH ! our feuds are drowned at last ;  
 Hurrah ! let tyrants tremble ;  
 The fronted foemen of the past  
 In brotherhood assemble.  
 Fill up—and with a lofty tongue  
 As ever spoke from steeple,  
 From shore to shore *his* health be rung—  
 The leader of the people.

II.

In mighty triumphs, singly won,  
 The nation has a token  
 That mightier deeds will yet be done—  
 The last strong fetter broken ;  
 Since hearts of nerve and hands of strength,  
 Once banded to resist him,  
 Unfurl his flag, and share at length  
 The glory to assist him.

III.

Up with the wine from boss to brim,  
 And be his voice the loudest,  
 Who rears, at risk of life or limb,  
 Our country's flag the proudest.

“*The leader of the people*”—grand,  
 Yet simple wisdom guide him !  
 And glory to the men who stand,  
 Like sheathed swords, beside him.

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## ORANGE AND GREEN WILL CARRY THE DAY.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

AIR—“*The Protestant Boys.*”

I.

IRELAND ! rejoice, and England ! deplore.—  
 Faction and feud are passing away.  
 'Twas a low voice, but 'tis a loud roar,  
 “ Orange and Green will carry the day.”  
 Orange ! Orange !  
 Green and Orange !  
 Pitted together in many a fray—  
 Lions in fight !  
 And link'd in their might,  
 Orange and Green will carry the day.  
 Orange ! Orange !  
 Green and Orange !  
 Wave them together o'er mountain and bay.  
 Orange and Green !  
 Our King and our Queen !  
 “ Orange and Green will carry the day !”

## II.

Rusty the swords our fathers unsheathe'd—  
 William and James are turn'd to clay—  
 Long did we till the wrath they bequeath'd ;  
 Red was the crop, and bitter the pay !

Freedom fled us !  
Knaves misled us !  
Under the feet of the foemen we lay—  
Riches and strength  
We'll win them at length,  
For Orange and Green will carry the day !  
Landlords fool'd us ;  
England ruled us,  
Hounding our passions to make us their prey ;  
But, in their spite,  
The Irish "Unite,"  
And Orange and Green will carry the day !

## III.

Fruitful our soil where honest men starve ;  
Empty the mart, and shipless the bay ;  
Out of our want the Oligarchs carve ;  
Foreigners fatten on our decay !  
Disunited,  
Therefore blighted,  
Ruined and rent by the Englishman's sway ;  
Party and creed  
For once have agreed—  
Orange and Green will carry the day !  
Boyne's old water,  
Red with slaughter !  
Now is as pure as an infant at play ;  
So, in our souls,  
Its history rolls,  
And Orange and Green will carry the day !

## IV.

English deceit can rule us no more,  
Bigots and knaves are scattered like spray—  
Deep was the oath the Orangeman swore,  
"Orange and Green must carry the day."

Orange ! Orange !  
 Bless the Orange !  
 Tories and Whigs grew pale with dismay,  
 When, from the North,  
 Burst the cry forth,  
 " Orange and Green will carry the day ;"  
 No surrender !  
 No Pretender !  
 Never to falter and never betray—  
 With an Amen,  
 We swear it again,  
 Orange and Green shall carry the day !

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## A HIGHWAY FOR FREEDOM.

BY CLARENCE MANGAN.

AIR—"Boyne Water."

## I.

' My suffering country SHALL be freed.  
 And shine with tenfold glory !'  
 So spake the gallant Winkelreid,  
 Renowned in German story.  
 " No tyrant, even of kingly grade,  
 Shall cross or darken my way !"  
 Out flashed his blade, and so he made  
 For Freedom's course a highway !

## II.

We want a man like this, with power  
 To rouse the world by *one* word ;  
 We want a Chief to meet the hour,  
 And march the masses onward.

But chief or none, through blood and fire,  
 My Fatherland lies *thy* way !  
 The men must fight who dare desire  
 For Freedom's course a highway !

## III.

Alas ! I can but idly gaze  
 Around in grief and wonder ;  
 The PEOPLE's will alone can raise  
 The People's shout of thunder.  
 Too long, my friends, you faint for fear,  
 In secret crypt and bye-way ;  
 At last be Men ! Stand forth, and clear  
 For Freedom's course a highway !

## IV.

You intersect wood, lea, and lawn,  
 With roads for monster waggons,  
 Wherein you speed like lightning, drawn  
 By fiery iron dragons.  
 So do ! Such work is good, no doubt ;  
 But why not seek some nigh way  
 For *Mind* as well ? Path also out  
 For Freedom's course a highway !

## V.

Yes ! up ! and let your weapons be  
 Sharp steel and self-reliance !  
 Why waste your burning energy  
 In void and vain defiance,  
 And phrases fierce but fugitive :  
 'Tis deeds, not words, that *I* weigh—  
 Your swords and guns alone can give  
 To Freedom's course a highway !

## ADVANCE !

BY D. F. MC CARTHY.

God bade the sun with golden step sublime  
 Advance

He whispered in the listening ear of Time,  
 Advance !

He bade the guiding spirits of the stars  
 With lightning speed, in silver shining cars,  
 Along the bright floor of his azure hall,  
 Advance !

Sun, stars, and time obey the voice, and all  
 Advance !

The river at its bubbling fountain cries,  
 Advance !

The clouds proclaim, like heralds through the skies,  
 Advance !

Throughout the world the mighty Master's laws  
 Allow not one brief moment's idle pause.

The earth is full of life, the swelling seeds  
 Advance !

The summer hours, like flow'ry harnessed steeds,  
 Advance !

To man's most wondrous hand the same voice cried,  
 Advance !

Go draw the marble from its secret bed,  
 And make the cedar bend its giant head ;  
 Let domes and columns through the wondering air  
 Advance !

The world, O man ! is thine. But would'st thou share—  
 Advance !

Go, track the comet in its wheeling race,  
 And drag the lightning from its hiding place ;  
 From out the night of ignorance and fears,  
 Advance !

For love and hope borne by the coming years,  
Advance !  
All heard, and some obeyed the great command,  
Advance !  
It passed along from listening land to land—  
Advance !  
The strong grew stronger and the weak grew strong,  
As passed the war-cry of the world along—  
Awake ye nations, know your powers and rights—  
Advance !  
Through hope and work to freedom's new delights—  
Advance !  
Knowledge came down and waved his steady torch,  
Advance !  
Sages proclaim 'neath many a marble porch  
Advance !  
As rapid lightning leaps from peak to peak,  
The Gaul, the Goth, the Roman, and the Greek,  
The painted Briton caught the winged word,  
Advance !  
And earth grew young and carolled as a bird,  
Advance !  
Oh, Ireland ! oh, my country ! wilt thou not  
Advance ?  
Wilt thou not share the world's progressive lot ?  
Advance !  
Must seasons change, and countless years roll on,  
And thou remain a darksome Ajalon ?  
And never see the crescent moon of hope  
Advance !  
'Tis time thine heart and eye had wider scope—  
Advance !  
Dear brothers, wake ! look up ! be firm ! be strong !  
Advance !

From out the starless night of fraud and wrong  
Advance!

The chains have fall'n from off thy wasted hands,  
And every man a seeming freeman stands;  
But ah! 'tis in the soul that freedom dwells—  
Advance!

—acclaim that *there thou wearest no manacles*—  
Advance!

Advance! thou must advance or perish now—  
Advance!

Advance! Why live with wasted heart and brow?  
Advance!

Advance! or sink at once into the grave;  
Be bravely free or artfully a slave!  
Why fret thy master, if thou must have one?  
Advance!

Advance three steps, the glorious work is done—  
Advance!

The first is courage—'tis a giant stride!  
Advance

With bounding step up Freedom's rugged side;  
*Knowledge* will lead ye to the dazzling heights;  
*Tolerance* will teach and guard your brother's rights;  
Faint not! for thee a pitying future waits—  
Advance!

Be wise, be just, with will as fixed as Fates'  
Advance

## THE IRISH ARMS BILL.

BY WILLIAM DRENNAN.

## I.

My country, alas ! we may blush for thee now,  
 The brand of the slave broadly stamp'd on thy brow !  
 Unarmed must thy sons and thy daughters await  
 The Sassenagh's lust or the Sassenagh's hate.

## II.

Through the length and the breadth of thy regions they  
 roam ;  
 Many huts and some halls may be there—but no home ;  
 Rape and Murder cry out, “ let each door be unbarr'd !  
 Deliver your arms, and then—stand on your guard !”

## III.

For England hath waken'd at length from her trance—  
 She might knuckle to Russia, and truckle to France—  
 And, licking the dust from America's feet,  
 Might vow she had ne'er tasted sugar so sweet.

## IV.

She could leave her slain thousands, her captives, in pawn,  
 And Akhbar to lord it o'er Affghanistan,  
 And firing the village or rifling the ground  
 Of the poor murder'd peasant—slink off like a hound.

## V.

What then ? She can massacre wretched Chinese—  
 Can rob the Amirs of their lands, if she please—  
 And when Hanover wrings from her duties not due  
 She can still vent her wrath, enslav'd Erin, on you

## VI.

Thus—but why, beolv'd land, longer sport with thy shame?  
 If my life could wipe out the foul blot from thy fame,  
 How gladly for thee were this spirit outpour'd  
 On the scaffold, as free as by shot or by sword !

## VII.

Yet, oh! in fair field, for one soldier-like blow,  
 To fall in thy cause, or look far for thy foe—  
 To sleep on thy bosom, down-trodden, with thee,  
 Or to wave in thy breeze the green flag of the free !

## VIII.

Heaven! to think of the thousands far better than I,  
 Who for thee, sweetest mother, would joyfully die!  
 Then to reckon the insult—the rapine—the wrong—  
 How long, God of love!—God of battles!—how long?

## MY GRAVE

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

SHALL they bury me in the deep,  
 Where wind-forgetting waters sleep?  
 Shall they dig a grave for me  
 Under the green-wood tree?  
 Or on the wild heath,  
 Where the wilder breath  
 Of the storm doth blow?  
 Oh, no! oh, no!

Shall they bury me in the palace tombs,  
 Under the shade of cathedral domes?

Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore;  
 Yet not there—nor in Greece, though I love it more.  
 In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find?  
 Shall my ashes career on the world-seeing wind?  
 Shall they fling my corpse in the battle mound,  
 Where coffinless thousands lie under the ground?  
 Just as they fall they are buried so—  
 Oh, no! oh, no

No! on an Irish green hill-side,  
 On an opening lawn—but not too wide!  
 For I love the drip of the wetted trees—  
 I love not the gales, but a gentle breeze,  
 To freshen the turf—put no tombstone there,  
 But green sods deck'd with daisies fair,  
 Nor sods too deep; but so that the dew,  
 The matted grass-roots may trickle through.  
 Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,  
 "He served his country, and loved his kind"—

Oh! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,  
 If one were sure to be buried so.

## THE VOW OF TIPPERARY.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

AIR—"The Men of Tipperary."\*

## I.

FROM Carrick streets to Shannon shore,  
 From Sliabh na m-Ban† to Ballindeary,  
 From Longford Pass to Gailte Mór,  
 Come hear The Vow of Tipperary.

\* See p. 61.

† Commonly written Slievenamon

## II.

Too long we fought for Britain's cause,  
 And of our blood were never chary;  
 She paid us back with tyrant laws,  
 And thinned The Homes of Tipperary.

## III.

Too long, with rash and single arm,  
 The peasant strove to guard his eyrie,  
 Till Irish blood bedewed each farm,  
 And Ireland wept for Tipperary.

## IV.

But never more we'll lift a hand—  
 We swear by God and Virgin Mary !  
 Except in war for Native Land,  
 And *that's* The Vow of Tipperary !

## ENGLAND'S ULTIMATUM.

"Repeal must not be argued with. Were the Union gall it must be maintained. Ireland must have England as her sister, or her *sub-jugatrix*. This is our ultimatum."—*Times*.

## I.

SLAVES lie down and kiss your chains,  
 To the Union yield in quiet.  
 Were it hemlock in your veins,  
 Stand it must—*we* profit by it.

## II.

English foot on Irish neck,  
 English gyve on Irish sinew,  
 Ireland swayed at England's beck—  
 So it is, and shall continue.

## III.

English foot on Irish neck,  
 Pine or rot, meanwhile, we care not.  
 Little will we pause to reck  
 How you writhe, while rise you dare not.

## IV.

Argue with you!—stoop to show  
 Our dominions' just foundation!  
 Savage Celts! and dare you so  
 Task the lords of half creation?

## V.

Argue! do not ask again,  
 Proofs enough there are to sway you,  
 Three-and-twenty thousand men,  
 Whom a word will loose to slay you.

## VI.

Store of arguments besides,  
 In their time we will exhibit,  
 Leaded thongs for rebel hides,  
 Flaming thatch, and burthen'd gibbet.

## VII.

Bid your fathers tell how we  
 Proved our rights in bygone seasons.  
 Slaves! and sons of slaves!—your knee—  
 Bow to *sister* England's reasons.

## FONTENOY.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

## I.

THRICE, at the huts of Fontenoy, the English column failed  
And twice the lines of St. Antoin the Dutch in vain assailed ;  
For town and slope were guarded with fort and artillery,  
And well they swept the English ranks, and Dutch auxiliary.  
As vainly, through De Barri's wood, the British soldiers  
burst—

The French artillery drove them back, diminished and dispersed.

The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,  
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.  
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his gen'rls ride !  
And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at even-tide.

## II.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,  
Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their  
head ;  
Steady they step a-down the slope—steady they climb the  
hill ;  
Steady they load—steady they fire, moving right onward  
still,  
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,  
Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets show'ring  
fast ;  
And on the open plain above they rose, and kept their course,  
With ready fire and steadiness—that mocked at hostile force.  
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their  
ranks—  
They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's  
ocean banks.

## III.

More idly than the summer flies French tirailleurs rush round;  
As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the  
ground;  
Bomb-shell, and grape, and round-shot tore, still on they  
marched and fired—

Fast from each volley grenadier and voltiguer retired.

“Push on, my household cavalry,” King Louis madly cried:  
To death they rush, but rude their shock—not unavenged  
they died.

On through the camp the column trod—King Louis turns  
his rein;  
“Not yet, my liege,” Saxe interposed, “the Irish troops re-  
main;”

And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,  
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement, and true.

## IV.

“Lord Clare,” he says, “you have your wish, there are your  
Saxon foes,”

The Marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously ne goes!

How fierce the look these exiles wear, who’re wont to be so  
gay,

The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day,  
The treaty broken, ere the ink wherewith ‘twas writ could  
dry,

Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women’s  
parting cry,

Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country  
overthrown—

Each looks as if revenge for all rested on him alone.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,

Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles  
were.

## V.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands,  
"Fix bay'nets"—"charge." Like mountain storm rush ou  
these fiery bands!

Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow  
Yet, must'ring all the strength they have, they make a gal  
lant show.

They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle-wind—  
Their bayonets the breakers' foam; like rocks, the men  
behind!

One volley crashes from their line, when, through the surging  
smoke,

With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish  
broke.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzzah,  
"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sassenach

## VI.

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,  
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang.  
Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled  
with gore;

Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled  
flags they tore.

The English strove with desp'rate strength, paused, rallied,  
staggered, fled—

The green hill side is matted close with dying and with dead.  
Across the plain, and far away passed on that hideous wrack,  
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,  
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and  
won!

## OUR COURSE.

BY J. D. FRAZER.

## I.

We look'd for guidance to the *blind*!  
We sued for counsel to the *dumb*!  
Fling the vain fancy to the wind—  
*Their* hour is past, and *ours* is come;  
They gave, in that propitious hour,  
Nor kindly look, nor gracious tone;  
But heaven has not denied us power  
To do their duty, and our own.

## II.

And is it true, that tyrants throw  
Their shafts among us, steeped in gall;  
And every arrow, swift or slow,  
Points foremost still, ascent or fall.  
Still sure to wound us, tho' the aim  
Seem ta'en remotely, or amiss?  
And men with spirits feel no shame  
To brook so dark a doom as this!

## III.

Alas! the nobles of the land  
Are like our long-deserted halls;  
No living voices, clear and grand,  
Respond when foe or freedom calls  
But ever and anon ascends  
Low moaning, when the tempest rolls;  
A tone, that desolation lends  
Some crevice of their ruined souls.

## IV.

So be it—yet shall we prolong  
Our prayers, when deeds would serve our need;  
Or wait for woes, the swift and strong  
Can ward by strength or 'scape by speed?  
The vilest of the vile of earth  
Were nobler than our proud array,  
If, suffering bondage from our birth,  
We will not burst it when we may!

## V.

And has the bondage not been borne  
Till all our softer nature fled—  
Till tyranny's dark tide had worn  
Down to the stubborn rock its bed?  
But if the current, cold and deep,  
That channel through all time retain,  
At worst, by heaven! it shall not sweep  
*Unruffled* o'er our hearts again.

## VI.

Up for the land—'tis ours—'tis ours—  
The proud man's sympathies are all  
Like silvery clouds, whose faithless showers  
Come froz'n to hailstones in their fall.  
Our freedom and the sea-bird's food  
Are hid beneath deep ocean waves  
And who should search and sound the flood,  
If not the sea-birds and the slaves?

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## THE VICTOR'S BURIAL.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

## I.

WRAP him in his banner, the best shroud of the brave—  
 Wrap him in his *onchu*,\* and take him to his grave—  
 Lay him not down lowly, like bulwark overthrown,  
 But, gallantly upstanding, as if ris'n from his throne,  
 With his *craiseach*† in his hand, and his sword on his thigh,  
 With his war-belt on his waist, and his *cathbarr*‡ on high—  
 Put his *fleasg*§ upon his neck—his green flag round him fold,  
 Like ivy round a castle wall—not conquered, but grown  
 old—

Wirasthrue ! Oh, Wirasthrue ! Oh ! Wirasthrue ! ochone !  
 Weep for him ! Oh ! weep for him, but remember, in your  
 moan,  
 That he died, in his pride,  
 With his foes about him strown.

## II.

Oh ! shrine him in Beinn-Edair|| with his face towards the  
 foe,  
 As an emblem that not death our defiance can 'ay low—  
 Let him look across the waves from the promontory's breast,  
 To menace back the East, and to sentinel the West ;  
 Sooner shall these channel waves the iron coast cut through,  
 Than the spirit he has left, yield, Easterlings ! to you—  
 Let his coffin be the hill, let the eagles of the sea  
 Chorus with the surges round, the *tuireamh*¶ of the free !

\* Flag.      † Spear.      ‡ Helmet.      § Collar.      || Howth.  
 ¶ A masculine laurus

Wirasthrue ! Oh ! Wirasthrue ! Oh, Wirasthrue ! ochone !  
 Weep for him ! Oh ! weep for him, but remember in your  
 moan,  
 That he died, in his pride,  
 With his foes about him strown !

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### BROTHERS, ARISE !

BY GEORGE PHILLIPS.

[The subjoined address was written to the Irish Nationalists during the Monster Meetings of 1843, by one of the English Puseyites, and may be fairly taken to represent the sentiments of many of that great party. They cannot but sympathise with a people not only oppressed for conscience sake, but for opinions differing little from their own ; and it is natural that the sympathy of the young and earnest should exhibit the bold and emphatic spirit which breathes through this poem :—]

L.

BROTHERS, arise ! the hour has come  
 To strike the blow for truth and God ;  
 Why sit ye folded up and dumb—  
 Why bending kiss the tyrant's rod ?  
 Is there no hope upon the earth—  
 No charter in the starry sky ?  
 Has freedom no ennobling worth ?  
 And man no immortality ?

II.

Ah, brothers ! think ye what ye are !  
 What glorious work ye have to do !  
 And how they wait ye near and far  
 To do the same the wide world through.  
 The wide world sunk in dreams and death,  
 With guilt and wrong upon its breast,  
 Like night-mares choking up its breath,  
 And murdering all its holy rest !

## III.

Bethink ye, how with heart and brain  
 This God-like work were ablest done ;  
 For man must ne'er go back again  
 And lose the triumphs he has won.  
 Ye who have spurned the tyrant's power,  
 And fought your own great spirits free,  
 Forget not in this trying hour  
 The claims of struggling slavery !

## IV.

The wise and good . oh, where are they  
 To guide us onward to the Right,  
 Untruth and specious lies to slay,  
 And red oppression in its might ?  
 Come forth, my brothers, on with us—  
 Direct the battle we would give ;  
 By thousands we would die—if thus  
 The millions yet unborn may live.

## V.

For what is death to him who dies  
 With God's own blessing on his head ?  
 A charter—not a sacrifice—  
 A life immortal to the dead.  
 And life itself is only great  
 When man devotes himself to be,  
 By virtue, thought, and deed, the mate  
 Of God's own children and the free.

## VI.

And are we free ? Oh ! blot and shame !  
 That men who for a thousand years  
 Have battled on through fire and flame,  
 And nourished with their blood and tears.

Religion—Freedom—Civil Right—  
 Should tamely suffer traitor hands  
 To dash them into gloom and night,  
 And bind their very God with bands.

## VII.

And will ye bear, my brother men,  
 To see your altars trampled down ;  
 Shall Christ's great heart bleed out again  
 Beneath the scoffer's spear and frown ?  
 Shall priests proclaim that God is not,  
 And from the Devil's gospel teach  
 Those worldly doctrines, unforgot,  
 Which burning tyrants loved to preach ?

## VIII.

Shall traitors to the human right,  
 To God and truth, have boundless sway,  
 And ye not rush into the fight  
 And wrench the saered cross away,  
 And tear the scrolls of freedom, bought  
 With blood of martyrs and the brave,  
 From men who with derisive sport  
 Defy you on the martyr's grave ?

## IX.

Ah ! no !—uprushing—million-strong,  
 The trodden people come at last—  
 Their fiery souls, pent up so long,  
 Burst out in flames all thick and fast  
 And thunder-words and lightning-deeds  
 Strike terror to the Wrong, who flee,  
 Till, lo ! at last the wronger bleeds,  
 And dying, leaves the nation free.

## WHAT'S MY THOUGHT LIKE?

BY JOHN O'CONNELL, M.P.

"What's my thought like ?

"How is it like ? &amp;c.

"What would you do with it ?"

*Nursery Game*

## I.

WHAT'S my thought like ?—What's my thought like ?

—Like a column tumbled down—

Its noble shaft and capital with moss and weeds o'ergrown !

How is my thought so like unto a column thus laid low ?

*Because your thought is Ireland now*—laid prostrate;—even so !What with it would you do ?—oh, say—what with it would  
you do ?

Uprise it from the earth again, aloft to mankind's view !

A sign unto all those that mourn, throughout earth's vast  
domain,That Heaven rewards the patient, and will make them joy  
again.

## II.

WHAT'S my thought like ?—What's my thought like ?

—Like a gallant ship on shore,

Dismasted all and helpless now, amid the breakers' roar !

Her crew, so faithful once to her, each seeking plank and  
spar,

To 'scape from her and safety find, upon the land afar.

How is my thought like such poor ship in peril and distress ?

*Because your thought is Ireland now*, whose peril is no less !What with it would you do ?—oh, say—what with it would  
you do ?Like to some few but faithful hearts, among the vessel's  
crew—

Stand by her to the last I would ! and die if so decreed,

Ere man should dare to say to me, *You failed her at her need !*

## III.

What's my thought like?—What's my thought like?

—Like a land by Nature bless'd

Beyond most other lands on earth—and yet the most distress'd:

A teeming soil—abounding streams—wide havens—genial air—

And yet a people ever plunged in suffering and care!

Eight millions of a noble race—high-minded, pure, and good—Kept subject to a petty gang—a miserable brood!

Strong but in England's constant hate, and help to keep us down,

And blast the smiles of Nature fair, with man's unholy frown!

How is it like my thought again?—How is it like my thought?

*Because your thought is Ireland's wif*—and even thus her lot!

## IV.

What *wif's* it would you do, again?—what with it would do?

Work even to the death I would, to rive her chain in two!

To help her 'gainst unnatural sons, and foreign foemen's rage,

And all her hapless People's woes and bitter griefs assuage.

Bid them be happy now, at length, in this their rescued land—That land no longer marked and cursed with slav'ry's withering brand:

No longer Slave to England!—but her Sister, if she will—

Prompt to give friendly aid at need, and to forget all ill!

But holding high her head, and with serenest brow

Caiming, amid Earth's nations all, her fitting station now!

*"Tis is my thought—it is your thought.*

—If thus each Irish heart

Will only think, and purpose thus, henceforth to act its part

Full soon their honest boast shall be—that she was made by  
them  
Great Glorious, Free!—the Earth's first Flower!  
—The Ocean's brightest Gem!

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## STEADY.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

"Courage—your most necessary virtue—consists not in blind resistance, but in knowing when to forbear."—THE NATION, June 17, 1848.

## I.

STEADY! Host of Freedom, steady!  
Ponder, gather, watch, mature:  
Tranquil be, though ever ready—  
Prompt to act—and to endure.

## II.

Aimless, rage you not, insanely,  
Like a maniac with his chain,  
Struggling madly, therefore vainly,  
And lapsing back to bonds again.

## III.

But, observe, the clouds o'er Keeper  
Long collect their awful ire—  
Long they swell more dark and deeper  
When they burst all heaven's on fire.

## IV.

Freedom's bark to port is running,  
 But beware the lurking shelves ;  
 And would you conquer tyrants' cunning,  
 Brethren, conquer first yourselves.

## V.

Though thy cheek insulted burn—  
 Though they call thee coward-slave—  
 Scoff nor blow shalt thou return :  
 Trust me, this is *more* than brave.

## VI.

Fortitude hath shackles riven,  
 More than spear or flashing gun ;  
 Freedom, like the thrones of heaven,  
 Is by suff'ring virtue won.

## VII.

Though thy brother still deride thee,  
 Yield thou love for foolish hate :  
 He'll, perhaps, ere long, beside thee,  
 Proudly, boldly, share thy fate.

## VIII.

Steady ! steady ! ranks of Freedom,  
 Pure and holy are our bands ;  
 Heaven approves, and angels lead them,  
 For truth and justice are our brands !

## THE FIRESIDE.

BY D. F. MC CARTHY.

## I.

I HAVE tasted all life's pleasures—I have snatched at all its joys—

The dance's merry measures, and the revel's festive noise ;  
Though wit flash'd bright the live-long night, and flowed the ruby tide,

I sighed for thee—I sighed for thee, my own fireside !

## II.

In boyhood's dreams I wandered far, across the ocean's breast,  
In search of some bright earthly star—some happy isle of rest ;

I little thought the bliss I sought, in roaming far and wide,  
Was sweetly centred all in thee—my own fireside !

## III.

How sweet to turn at evening's close from all our cares away,  
And end, in calm serene repose, the swiftly passing day !  
The pleasant books, the smiling looks of sister or of bride,  
All fairy ground doth make around one's own fireside !

## IV.

“My lord” would never condescend to honour my poor hearth ;  
“His grace” would scorn a host or friend of mere plebeian birth ;  
And yet the lords of human kind whom man has deified  
For ever meet in converse sweet around my fireside !

## V.

The poet sings his deathless songs, the sage his lore repeats,  
 The patriot tells his country's wrongs, the chief his warlike  
 feats ;  
 Though far away may be their clay, and gone their earthly  
 pride,  
 Each godlike mind in books enshrined still haunts my fireside.

## VI.

Oh ! let me glance a moment through the coming crowd of  
 years—  
 Their triumphs or their failures—their sunshine or their tears—  
 How poor or great may be my fate, I care not what betide.  
 So peace and love but hallow thee, my own fireside.

## VII.

Still let me hold the vision close, and closer to my sight,  
 Still—still in hopes elysian, let my spirit wing its flight ;  
 Still let me dream, life's shadowy stream may yield from out  
 its tide,  
 A mind at rest—a tranquil breast—a quiet fireside :

## O'DONNELL A B U.

A.D. 1597.

BY M. J. M'CANN.

## I.

PROUDLY the note of the trumpet is sounding,  
 Loudly the war-cries arise on the gale,  
 Fleetly the steed by Loc Suilig\* is bounding  
 To join the thick squadrons in Saimear's green vale.

Lough Swilly.

On, every mountaineer,  
 Strangers to flight and fear;  
 Rush to the standard of dauntless Red Hugh!\*

Bonnough and Gallowglass†  
 Throng from each mountain-pass!  
 On for old Erin—O'Donnell abu!

## II.

Princely O'Neil to our aid is advancin,  
 With many a chieftain and warrior-clan;  
 A thousand proud steeds in his vanguard are prancing,  
 'Neath the borderers brave from the banks of the Bann:—

Many a heart shall quail  
 Under its coat of mail;  
 Deeply the merciless foeman shall rue,  
 When on his ear shall ring,  
 Borne on the breeze's wing,  
 Tirconnell's dread war-cry—O'Donnell abu!

## III.

Wildly o'er Desmond the war-wolf is howling,  
 Fearless the eagle sweeps over the plain,  
 The fox in the streets of the city is prowling—  
 All, all who would scare them are banished or slain!

Grasp, every stalwart hand,  
 Hackbut and battle-brand—  
 Pay them all back the deep debt so long due:  
 Norris and Clifford well  
 Can of Tir-Conaill tell—  
 Onward to glory—O'Donnell abu.

\* The famous Red Hugh O'Donnell, who aided O'Neil in defeating the best generals and most brilliant armies of Elizabeth.

† See Note page 41.

## IV.

Sacred the cause that Clann-Conaill's defending—

The altars we kneel at and homes of our sires;  
Ruthless the ruin the foe is extending—

Midnight is red with the plunderer's fires!

On with O'Donnall, then,

Fight the old fight again,

Sons of Tir-Conaill all valiant and true!

Make the false Saxon feel

Erin's avenging steel!

Strike for your country!—O'Donnell abu!

## FILL HIGH TO-NIGHT.

BY WILLIAM MULCHINOCK.

## I.

FILL high to-night, in our halls of light

The toast on our lips shall be—

'The sinewy hand, the glittering braid,  
Our homes and our altars free."

## II.

Though the coward pale, like the girl may wail,

And sleep in his chains for years,

The sound of our mirth shall pass over earth

With balm for a nation's tears.

## III.

A curse for the cold, a cup for the bold,

A smile for the girls we love;

And for him who'd bleed, in his country's need,

A home in the skies above.

## IV.

We have asked the page of a former age  
 For hope secure and bright,  
 And the spell it gave to the stricken slave  
 Was in one strong word—"Unite."

## V.

Though the wind howl free o'er a simple tree  
 Till it bends beneath its frown—  
 For many a day it will howl aye,  
 Ere a forest be stricken down.

## VI.

By the martyr'd dead, who for freedom bled,  
 By all that man deems divine,  
 Our patriot band for a sainted land  
 Like brothers shall all combine.

## VII.

Then fill to-night, in our halls of light,  
 The toast on our lips must be—  
 The sinewy hand, the glittering brand,  
 Our homes and our altars free."

## THE SLAVES BILL.

BY WILLIAM DRENNAN.

## I.

Are, brand our arms, nor them alone,  
 But brand our brows; degraded race,  
 Oh, how a fear can England own  
 Of men who cannot feel disgrace?

Men ! *Are we men ?* We talk as such,  
 Heav'ns, how we talk ! but—vain alarms—  
 Nought masculine endures so much,  
 Then brand our brows as well as arms !

## II.

This brand is not an ugly thing—  
 May seem an ornament, indeed ;  
 The shame to some would be the sting,  
 But not to slaves who dare not bleed !  
 Six hundred weary years have pass'd,  
 And which, without some newer harms  
 From Dear Old England ! This, the last,  
 Is *but an insult*—brand our arms !

## III.

Yes, brand our language, faith, and name !  
 Black, down Time's river let them roll ;  
 Let *Erin* be a word of shame,  
 And burn its mem'ry from my soul !  
 Oh ! *Erin, Erin !*—never more  
 That darling name let me repeat !  
 If such the sons my mother bore,  
 West-Britain were a sound as sweet

## IV.

*Aye, brand us all !* yet still we crave  
 A pittance at our master's door :  
 Then leave the wealthy Irish slave  
 His bottle, club, and paramour ;  
 And leave the wretched serf his wife—  
 You may, (she has not many charms,)  
 Potatoes, and his paltry life ;  
 But, leave us not—*ew'n branded arms !*

## U.

Mad as ye are, who reckless dare  
 To mock the spirit God hath given,  
 Pause, ere ye drive us in despair  
 To its appeal—from man to heaven !  
 From calmer eyes the furies glare,  
 And colder bosoms vengeance warms,  
 Till rage finds weapons, ev'rywhere,  
 For Nature's two unbranded arms !

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THE LAMENT OF *GRAINNE MAOL*.\*

BY HUGH HARKIN.

## I.

John Bull was a *bodach*, as rich as a Jew—  
 As griping, as grinding, as conscienceless too ;  
 A wheedler, a shuffler, a rogue by wholesale,  
 And a swindler moreover, says *GRAINNE MAOL*

## II.

John Bull was a banker, both pursy and fat,  
 With gold in his pockets, and plenty of that ;  
 And he tempted his neighbours to sell their entail—  
 'Tis by scheming he prospers, says *GRAINNE MAOL* !

## III.

John Bull was a farmer, with cottiers galore—  
 Stout "chawbacons" once, that like bullocks could roar ;  
 Hard work and low wages and Peel's sliding scale,  
 Have bothered their courage, says *GRAINNE MAOL* !

\* Vulgany written but rightly pronounced "Grain Wall."

## IV

John Bull was a bruiser so sturdy and stout,  
 A boisterous bully—at bottom a clout—  
 For when you squared up he was apt to turn tail—  
 BROTHER JONATHAN lashed him, says *GRAINNE MAOL!*

## V.

John Bull was a merchant and many his ships,  
 His harbours, his dock-yards, and big building slips;  
 And the ocean he claimed as his rightful entail—  
 MONSIEUR PARLEY-VOUS *bars that*, says *GRAINNE MAOL!*

## VI.

John Bull had dependencies, many and great—  
 Fine, fertile and fat—every one an estate  
 But he pilfered and plundered wholesale and retail—  
 There's CANADA, sign's on it, says *GRAINNE MAOL!*

## VII.

John Bull was a Saint in the Western clime,  
 Stood fast for the truths of the Gospel sublime,  
 Vowed no other faith in the end could avail;  
 Is't THE JUGGERNAUT CHAMPION? says *GRAINNE MAOL!*

## VIII.

John Bull had a sister so fair to be seen,  
 With a blush like a rose, and a mantle of green,  
 And a soft swelling bosom!—On hill or in dale,  
 Oh, where could you fellow sweet *GRAINNE MAOL!*

## IX.

And John loved his sister without e'er a flam,  
 Like the fox and the pullet, the wolf and the lamb;  
 So he paid her a visit—but mark her bewail,  
*MY TITLE DEED's vanished!* says *GRAINNE MAOL!*

## X.

Then he rummaged her commerce and ravaged her plains:  
 Razed her churches and castles; her children in chains,  
 With pitch-caps, triangles, and gibbets wholesale,  
 Betokened John's love to poor *GRAINNE MAOL!*

## XI.

But one of her children more *bould* than the rest,  
 Took it into his head for to make a *request!*  
*Our rights, Uncle John!* Else—our flag on the gale!  
 "Faix he got an instalment," says *GRAINNE MAOL*

## XII.

And now he is at the *Ould Growler* again,  
 With his logic, and law, and—*three millions of men!*  
 And nothing will plaise him, just now, but *REPALE*  
 "Mo seact n-anam astig tu,"\* says *GRAINNE MAOL*.

## XIII.

But, should John turn gruff, and decline the demand,  
 What means of success may be at our command;  
 Although he be humbled, and now getting frail?  
 My "NATION" will tell you, says *GRAINNE MAOL!*

## XIV.

("NATION" LOQUITUR.)

"If stubborn and wilful, he still should refuse  
 To hear our just claims, or submit to our views,  
 And resolve, in his folly, to hold the "Entail,"  
 We'll kick his *Dumbarton*," for *GRAINNE MAOL*.

\* "Seven times as dear as the soul within me."

## LOVE'S LONGINGS

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

## I.

To the conqueror his crowning,  
First freedom to the slave,  
And air unto the drowning  
Sunk in the ocean's wave —  
And succour to the faithful,  
Who fight their flag above,  
Are sweet, but far less grateful  
Than were my lady's love.

## II.

I know I am not worthy  
Of one so young and bright;  
And yet I would do for thee  
Far more than others might;  
I cannot give you pomp or gold,  
If you should be my wife,  
But I can give you love untold,  
And true in death or life.

## III.

Methinks that there are passions  
Within that heaving breast  
To scorn their heartless fashions,  
And wed whom you love best.  
Methinks you would be prouder  
As the struggling patriot's bride,  
Than if rank your home should crowd, &  
Cold riches round you glide.

## IV.

Oh ! the watcher longs for morning,  
 And the infant cries for light,  
 And the saint for heaven's warning,  
 And the vanquished pray for might ;  
 But their prayer when lowest kneeling,  
 And their suppliance most true,  
 Are cold to the appealing  
 Of this longing heart to you.

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## PAST AND PRESENT.

"Where are the monster meetings, the myriads of Tara an Mullaghmast?" —*English Press passim.*

## I.

WHERE are the marshall'd hosts that met  
 Last year the Island over ?  
 Here are they calm, but ready yet,  
 Like warriors couched in cover  
 With zeal as ardent, rage as deep,  
 As bitter wrongs to feed them ;  
 As stalwart limbs—let fools go sleep,  
 And dream of stifled freedom.

## II.

A lull—the tempest lulls, and then  
 The blast the forest scatters ;  
 The thunder peals are stilled—again  
 The bolt the turret shatters ;  
 And low the brandished hatchet sings  
 For mightier stroke uplifted :  
 Round—round it swings, then down it rings,  
 And toughest block's are rifted.

## III.

There is a sullen under-haze  
 Will swell to a tornado ;  
 A day shall come will render dumb  
 Our English lords' bravado—  
 When Irish parties, hand in hand,  
 And shoulder up to shoulder,  
 Shall take their stand on Irish land,  
 And buried feuds shall moulder.

## IV.

Who chafes or falters at delay,  
 Faint-hearted and short-seeing ?  
 What is it all?—a winter's day,  
 'Mid ages of ill-being ;  
 Ah ! thus our fathers were undone !  
 They sickened and seceded—  
 Had they but battled constant on,  
 Our battle were not needed.

## V.

God knows his times—one thing know we,  
 Our ills, and what will end them,  
 That these our fetters loosed must be,  
 Or should we file, or rend them ?  
 Shall we sit looking at our gyves,  
 Who talked so loud a year hence ?  
 Shall we who frankly staked our lives,  
 Grudge earnest perseverance ?

## VI.

We'll hoard our might and gather more—  
 We'll draw our brothers nigh us—  
 We'll give our minds, from wisdom's store,  
 A firmer, manlier bias—

We'll rouse the nation near and far,  
 From Rathlin to Cean-mara,  
 Then show them where the masses are  
 Of Mullaigh-nast and Tara.

SLIABH CUILINN

THE ARMS OF EIGHTY-TWO.

BY M. J. BARRY.

I.

THEY rose to guard their fatherland—  
 In stern resolve they rose—  
 In bearing firm, in purpose grand—  
 To meet the world as foes.  
 They rose as brave men ever do;  
 And, flashing bright,  
 They bore to light  
 The Arms of "Eighty-two!"

II.

Oh! 'twas a proud and solemn sight  
 To mark that broad array,  
 Come forth to claim a nation's right  
 'Gainst all who dared gainsey,  
 And despots shrunk, appall'd to view  
 The men who bore  
 From shore to shore,  
 The Arms of "Eighty-two!"

III.

They won her right—they passed away—  
 Within the tomb they rest—  
 And coldly lies the mournful clay  
 Above each manly breast;

But Ireland still may proudly view  
 What that great host  
 Had cherished most—  
 The Arms of "Eighty-two!"

## IV.

Time-honoured comrades of the brave—  
 Fond relics of their fame,  
 Does Ireland hold one coward slave  
 Would yield you up to shame?  
 One dastard who would tamely view  
 The alien's hand  
 Insulting brand  
 The Arms of "Eighty-two?"

## THE WEXFORD MASSACRE.

1649

BY M. J. BARRY.

## I.

THEY knelt around the Cross divine,  
 The matron and the maid—  
 They bow'd before redemption's sign,  
 And fervently they prayed—  
 Three hundred fair and helpless ones,  
 Whose crime was this alone—  
 Their valiant husbands, sires, and sons,  
 Had battled for their own.

## II.

Had battled bravely, but in vain—  
 The Saxon won the fight,  
 And Irish corsairs strewed the plain  
 Where Valour slept with Right.

And now, that Man of demon guilt,  
 To fated Wexford flew—  
 The red blood reeking on his hilt,  
 Of hearts to Erin true !

## III.

He found them there—the young, the old—  
 The maiden and the wife ;  
 Their guardian Brave in death were cold,  
 Who dared for *them* the strife.  
 They prayed for mercy—God on high !  
 Before *thy* cross they prayed,  
 And ruthless Cromwell bade them die  
 To glut the Saxon blade !

## IV.

Three hundred fell—the stifled prayer  
 Was quenched in woman's blood ;  
 Nor youth nor age could move to spare  
 From slaughter's crimson flood.  
 But nations keep a stern account  
 Of deeds that tyrants do ;  
 And guiltless blood to Heaven will mount  
 And Heaven avenge it, too !

## THE ANTI-IRISH IRISHMAN.

BY HUGH HARKAN

## I.

FROM polar seas to torrid climes,  
 Where'er the trace of man is found,  
 What common feeling marks our kind,  
 And sanctifies each spot of ground ?

What virtue in the human heart  
 The proudest tribute can command?  
 The dearest, purest, holiest, best,  
*The lasting love of FATHERLAND!*

## II.

Then who's the wretch that basely spurns  
 The ties of country, kindred, friends—  
 That barters every nobler aim  
 For sordid views—for private ends?  
 One slave alone on earth you'll find  
 Through Nature's universal span,  
 So lost to virtue, dead to shame—  
 The anti-Irish Irishman.

## III.

Our fields are fertile, rich our floods,  
 Our mountains bold, majestic, grand;  
 Our air is balm, and every breeze  
 Wings health around our native land.  
 But who despises all her charms,  
 And mocks her gifts where'er he can?  
 Why, he, the Norman's sneaking slave,  
 The anti-Irish Irishman.

## IV.

The Norman—spawn of fraud and guile  
 Ambitious sought our peaceful shore,  
 And, leagued with native guilt, despoiled,  
 And deluged Erin's fields with gore!  
 Who gave the foeman footing here?  
 What wretch unholly led her van?  
 The prototype of modern slave,  
 An anti-Irish Irishman!

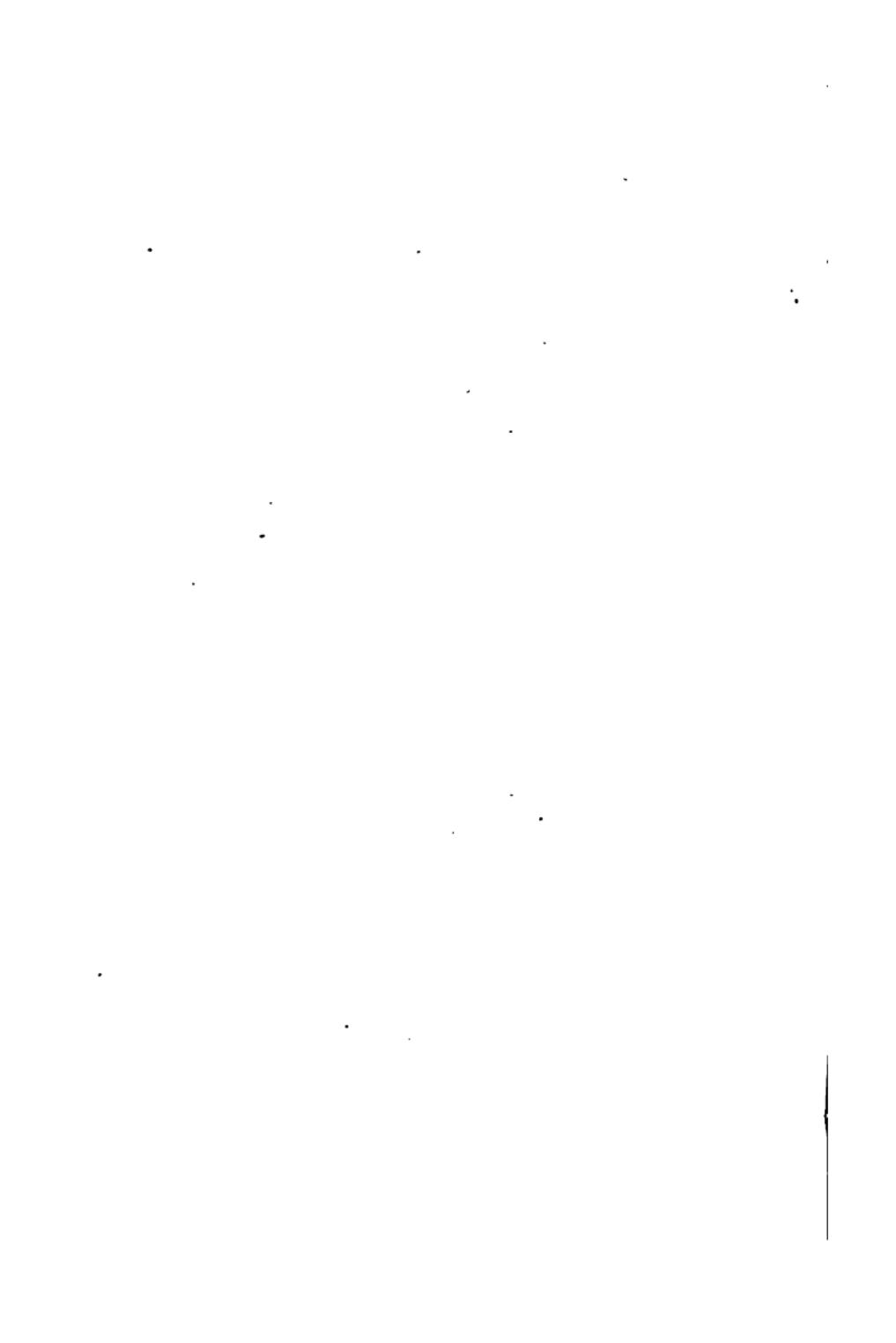
## V.

For ages rapine ruled our plains,  
And slaughter raised " his red right hand,"  
And virgins shriek'd!—and roof-trees blaz'd!  
And desolation swept the land !  
And who would not those ills arrest,  
Or aid the patriotic plan  
To burst his country's galling chains ?  
The anti-Irish Irishman.

## VI.

But now too great for fetters grown,  
Too proud to bend a slavish knee,  
Loved Erin mocks the tyrant's thrall,  
And firmly vows she shall be free !  
But mark yon treacherous stealthy knave  
That bends beneath his country's ban ;  
Let infamy eternal brand  
That anti-Irish Irishman.

THE END.



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